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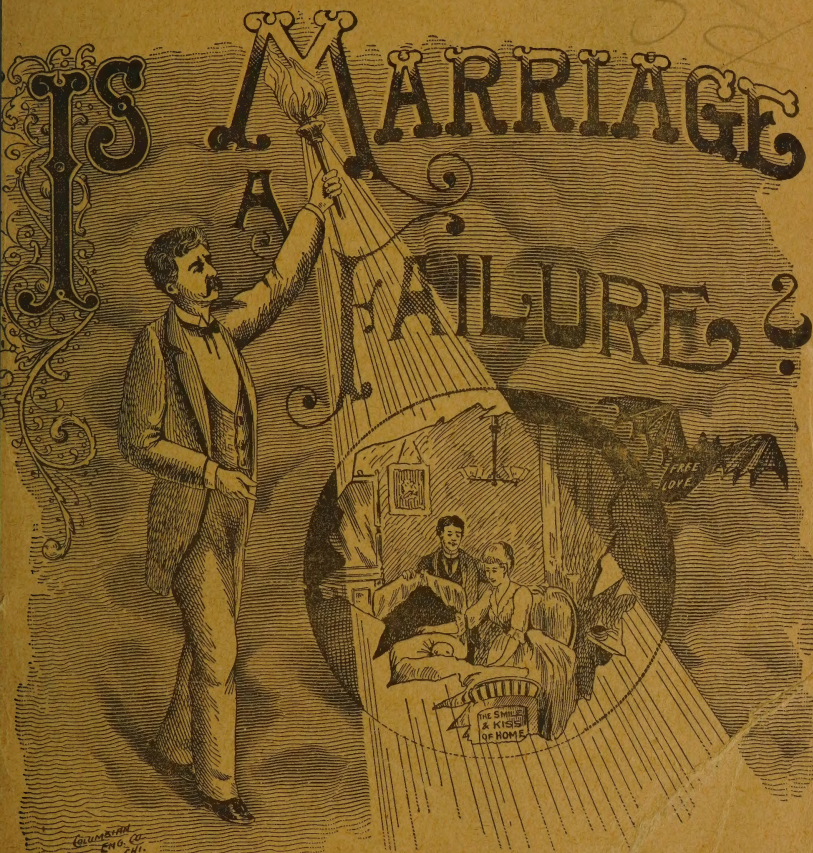
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Is Marriage a Failure?  
Or lessons of Life.

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- LESSONS OF LIFE -



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INDIANAPOLIS.

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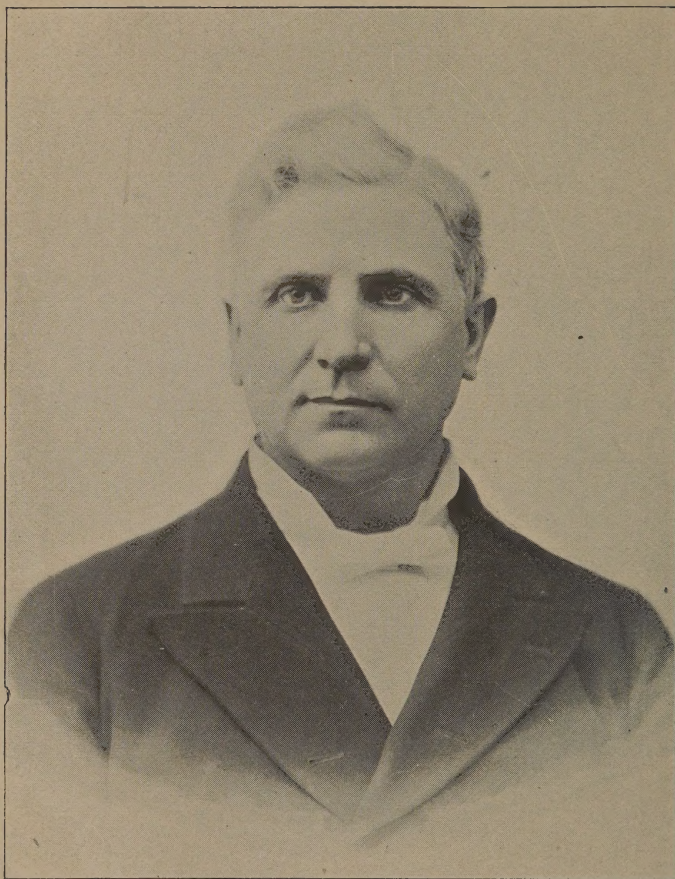
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# IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

OR

## LESSONS OF LIFE.

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YOU MUST LEARN THEM—YOU WILL LEARN THEM. WILL  
IT BE TO PROFIT YOURSELF AND BETTER THE WORLD?

---

BY

J. A. HOUSER, M. D.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

*Author of "A Helping Hand," "Babies and Bread," etc.*

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ILLUSTRATED.

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1897.

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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IN presenting the public with "Is Marriage a Failure," we believe we are benefiting society. The author is a man of large experience, extensive travel, and one whose avocation of ministering to the afflicted has brought him in contact with the lights and shades of married life in all its varied phases, and often exposed to his view the "skeleton in the closet," where, apparently love held full sway.

While endeavoring to close his eyes as much as possible, he has not been unmindful of the cause which have brought about these ill results. If you, reader, are unmarried, you may find here some most valuable advice and guidance. If you are married, it is quite likely your life will be mirrored before you, and if all is not well, perhaps these paragraphs may help to draw the veil, that hopes may yet be realized.

"Is Marriage a Failure" is not a medical book, but strictly literary and social. While dealing with an old subject is a venture, we know that the public have not read over one million of this author's pamphlets without realizing his worth.

In the following original prose and poems, he seeks to usher in a better tomorrow, and his labor, we believe, will not be lost.

THE PUBLISHERS.

[“The Smile and Kiss of Home,” and all other poems in this book, are from the author’s earlier writings. This one was written in just fifteen minutes in the crowded, noisy office of a western hotel.]

## THE SMILE AND KISS OF HOME.

BY DR. J. A. HOUSER.

A land of peace, a sun-kissed isle,  
I sought for many a day,  
Where love’s delights eternal smile  
And care’s clouds soft melt away.

I dreamed of lands where flowers fair,  
Untouched by decay or death,  
And songs forever filled the air,  
And blessings breathed on every breath.

Where heart to heart still fonder grew,  
And lip touched lip with softer kiss;  
While age his frosty mantle threw,  
And gave a silver crown to bliss.

I yearned so oft for some dear clime  
Of starry skies and silvery moon,  
Sloping vales and hills sublime,  
A restful, always afternoon.

Some lovely, dreamy, lotus-land  
Where bright waves touch a brighter shore,  
Rolling back from the golden strand  
In sweetest chimes to the ocean’s roar.

I said “Oh heart, where is that vale  
For which I long and sigh and roam?”  
And sweet love answered back my wail,  
“It is the smile and kiss of home.”



## PREFACE.

---

IN putting this book before the public, I do not wish to fall into that stereotyped rut of writing a Preface in the form of an apology—a book that needs an apology should not be given to the public—but to say my reasons for writing it arise from my own convictions.

I believe, as I have expressed it in the following pages, that the home is the foundation of all social and moral purity, and is not less the foundation of all civilized government.

To better the condition of the home, increase its comforts, augment its joys, multiply its blessings, would, in the same ratio, do the same for all the world. To accomplish this greatest of all reformations, the young must be enlightened and educated in this direction, then they will better know how to intelligently guide and direct that greatest and most powerful passion of the soul, human love. The harvest of this sowing will be the desired end, good parents, good homes, good children and a good nation.

If this little book aids this in the least degree, either in preparing the soil or watering the plants, or betters the yield at harvest time, its mission will not have been in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

## DEDICATION.

---

**T**O the toiling fathers who, day by day, bend beneath the burdens of labor to maintain a home, give bread to little mouths, and put shoes on little feet; to the patient, devoted mothers whose goodness and love blesses the household with a halo of peace; to the dear little children—sweet blossoms in the garden of marriage—to this trinity of humanity—Father—Mother—Child—I dedicate these pages.



## IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

---

THE first permanent foundation for human progress was an affectionate union between men and women ; this it was that cleared the water in the turbulent pool of human savagery, and marked the first exalted step taken by the race, as it rose above its claws and tusches, above its growl, above its instinct to the light of its dawning reason.

It was the love of man, pre-eminent, over the passions of the brute.

It was peace spreading its broad banner over the light of home, raising it above the gloom of the den. With peace came industry, industry gave plenty, plenty gave leisure, leisure education and refinement, these philosophy and discovery. All the fruits of home, home of marriage, marriage of love.

Over the world's wilderness love raised temples, built shrines, dedicated alters, founded cities, established schools and asylums. Love spread the canvas to the breeze and breasted ocean-waves to plant new homes on new soil, where it could eat its bread in peace and rock the cradle in comfort. Love threaded a golden chain from home to home, city to city,

temple to temple, nation to nation, that even the red hand of war can not break, nor distance divide. On earth this chain holds heart to heart and man to God. It plants the fields and harvests the golden sheaves. With one hand it leads the child's first steps, with the other sustains the uncertain tread of tottering age. It softens the cradle for one, the coffin for the other. It welcomes the babe into the world with smiles and hope, dismisses the aged back to God with tears and faith. With gentle hand it caresses the bleeding on the battle-field and whispers peace where all is carnage, and there begins its noble work of smoothing out the rough wrinkles of war; it puts immortales on the grave of the dead, and laurels on the brow of the living.

In the great past that we see, looking back from the greater present, all seems a wreck, all seems ruin. Kingdoms rose and fell like bubbles on a river. Governments appeared and disappeared like shadows on the canvas. The phantasmagoria of strife and war, bloodshed and flame burst out at different times in all this black past, and lighted the sky of history with the awful glare of man's terrible hate, and again passed away, leaving silence and darkness in which he brooded over his wrongs and oppression, to break forth and commit greater wrongs in trying to right them. In-

telligence rose like a bright morning, wrapped in the golden garments of burnished and celestial light, shedding an ineffable and divine glory over the children of men, again going out like a calcium flame in the blackness of some terrible cave.

Man's passion blowing out the light of his reason!

The dark ages came, like a long Siberian night, and men grooped and wandered, slowly and feelingly, back toward the morning, toward books and pictures, songs and eloquence, and wandered away from swords and battle-fields.

In all this ghastly past man's only guide out of the gloom has been that one solitary angel—called Love. Forgotten at Sinai, remembered at Calvary, murdered on the battle-field, resurrected in the cradle.

In all this starless past all else has failed but marriage. It saved the home, and from the home built better governments, and over them went step by step, raising height by height, till it reached that greater and broader, but not the diviner home—called a Republic.

Did some bright-winged angel to-day come from the Paradise of God and say, "The Holy Father has sent me to proclaim whatsoever thou dost pray for, that shall be given thee," I would quickly say, "Bright spirit, from a brighter world, go thou back to the



city with jasper walls and everlasting day, and say to the Eternal Father, I ask for but one thing, and that is, that the children of men shall love each other with a holy devotion, then there will be no room on earth for any hate, and thus our heaven be as sweet as yours."

Oh human love! incarnation of divinity, when all else has perished, thou shalt rise over the vast void, the wild waste of all that was supreme and glorious.

Of all the innumerable blessings marriage is worth them all.

It is love, the richest jewel in the crown of life.

## WHERE LOVE TELLS HER STORY.

---

Peace reigns supreme where love tells her story  
With magical lips and eloquence sweet,  
Wooing to slumbers the heart that is weary,  
Filling each throb with joy at each beat.

Where love tells her story all cares are forgotten,  
Shadows all fade into sunshine and smiles,  
Clouds melt soft into love's light all golden,  
And tears become pearls from love's crystal isles.

The curse of man's sins that make life a burden,  
And under his pillow plant thorns of despair,  
Love softens till like flowers of Eden,  
Breathe forth their fragrance as sweet as they're  
fair.

O Love! thou rosy-lipped daughter of joy,  
Come, kiss the sad world to peace and to rest!  
With thy own bliss our moments employ,  
And soothe us to slumbers on thy fair breast.

## FIRST INSTITUTION.

---

**M**ARRIAGE was the first institution the Creator ever gave to mankind, and by far the most important received by the inhabitants of this world.

The first and most sacred of all institutions was this union between men and women. No other institution, no other condition, no other contract, has as great an influence on our race as this one. It draws the line of demarkation between our hopes and misery forever.

To marry is stepping on one side or the other of this line, and, usually the parties never re-cross. Ever after that the fatalistic conditions are settled for good or ill, regret it as they may, or even break the bonds if they will, the shadow, the pain, the misery, is not wiped out.

The importance of this step is greater than that of any other taken by man or woman.

To get a good wife or a good husband, is the best blessing a man or woman will receive in this world, nor need they ever expect an equal of that blessing here.

To get a good wife is to receive more than time will again bestow, not in all time, I ques-



tion if in all eternity there will ever be found a blessing like that of the love of a good wife.

There is Heaven in a woman's love ; he who gains it has found a paradise, and he who marries without it will find a purgatory.

To love and be loved is the highest ambition a true woman ever knows, and to gain the object of her affection, is to reach a consummation of life's desire, of the soul's chief aim.

Moral and intellectual greatness in men or women will never reach the sublime and wonderful heights without the companionship and affection that marriage brings. They cannot reach outside of it all they are able to attain within it.

Love has a refining influence, and gives a delicate polish to the moral principles that nothing else can bestow.

All the opposition to marriage has come from either the loveless, cynical masculine women, or effeminate men, or a vulgar horde whose coarse sexual natures, from a constitutional depravity or long unrestrained appetites have been utterly incapable of comprehending the refined and delicate purity of an honest, unselfish affection known to the better part of humanity.

No more disgusting travelers are met on the high-ways of life, or in the by-ways, than the free-love croakers. If I were to attempt to de-

scribe the personification of all human depravity and select the most repulsive creature I could think of, one who would be revolting to every sense of decency, an outrage to every idea of purity, I would but point out the short-haired, masculine woman, who mounts the rostrum to pour forth her turbid flood of sexual putrescence, called "free-love," whose other name is Prostitution. Those moral and sexual monstrosities would over-turn the marriage relation upon which rests all of the purity and sanctity of home, they would defile the cradle, rob the child even of decent parentage, crucify the honor of every woman, bring a feudal age to all affection, and make every man an indecent chieftain and every woman an object of vile conquest. Not this age, nor any past age has ever seen as vile a horde, or nasty congregation of misguided and improperly called humanity, as the advocates of free-love.

It is refreshing, however, to remember that this nightmare of the diseased sexual natures of some half insane people has long since reached its zenith and is now waning. It is too revolting, it is too execrable, it is too insulting to manhood or womanhood to gain a foothold with any but the Calabans and Syco-raxes.

It is a condition that is only fit to exist under the reign of a Calagula.

Modern free-love crucifies the soul on the altar of the body. It dethrones manhood and debases womanhood to the level of common beasts.

A glance over the past history of the world will convince any fair-minded observer of two facts. Morality and intelligence advance as marriage is looked at with a higher and purer understanding, and the nations become great as their homes become great. I say their homes become great, but I had better say their foundations become great, for the home is the foundation of the nation.

About the only opposition there is to marriage seems to come from this class of persons who imagine they were sent into this world for the express purpose of opposing Christianity, and in their zeal to do this unworthy work, they deem it their highest duty to oppose all of the good institutions Christianity has fostered and protected.

Marriage being one of the chiefest and greatest they attack it more severely. Those opponents declare it is a failure. More than likely it has been a failure to them. They also declare Christianity is a failure. They declare purity, chastity, honor, honesty, the virtue of women, and all other sacred things a failure. And likely they are all failures to them, but regardless of the opposition to all



these good and great institutions, they go on ; men and women cling to the good more tenaciously, they live in love and patience more devotedly, raise their children under the genial influences, the hallowed blessings of home, and the church bells ring out more clearly, and prayers ascend more fervently, and morality and kindness is everywhere more abundant, and virtue is more common, in this, the twilight and close of the nineteenth century, than it ever was before.

---

#### WHO MAY MARRY?

To enter into the marriage contract requires just the same care, caution, careful reasoning, good judgment, honesty and candor that is required to make a success of any great undertaking. If this were observed marriage would not be a failure to any man or woman. There are persons against whose moral character there can be no allegations, and yet two persons of this kind may marry and utterly fail to get along in peace. In their natures there are heterogenous elements that will not, that can not harmonize, nor is it in their power to live together in tranquility.

A proper knowledge about humanity, with proper judgment, later will avoid all such mismatched alliances. Very frequently we find young men and women well educated

most everything but that knowledge which pertains to themselves. They are often even ignorant of their own natures and disposition, abilities and capabilities.

It is very common to find a young man who does not know what trade or calling he should choose for a life work, does not know what he can do best, in what position he would have the best health and live the longest, does not know what calling, trade or profession is best suited to both his physical and mental powers. Daily I come in contact with men who have made a mistake in choosing a profession or trade, and find them absolutely out of place, surrounded with inharmonious conditions and making an utter failure. It is nothing uncommon to find a man who has chosen law for a profession, yet he is incapable of telling what he knows by writing or speaking; his logic is at fault, his reason is lame, an attempt at persuasive eloquence is little less than a jargon of mis-appropriated words, a jumble of inapplicable facts.

I meet the man who has elected to be a machinist, yet he has not the faintest idea of the natural conditions upon which all mechanics are based, and though he may work at the trade fifty years, will never be a machinist any more than the other man will be a lawyer. As we occasionally come in contact with the man

who has chosen the high calling of preaching the gospel, if he be without eloquence, without the broadest and deepest reason, keenest perception, know motives of men and unlimited charity for human frailty, with a soul running over with kindness and love, he will make his calling an awful failure, a sad failure, a failure to be regretted, and in his path will be found infidels and skeptics, and base men mocking holy things. All such persons will declare their calling a failure.

Neither in marriage nor in the business affairs of life, must we forget this one great fact ; reason and conscience must always guide us, using all facts and all knowledge we can possess ourselves of.

Candidates for marriage should fully and perfectly understand every nature, disposition, bent of their minds, their likes and dislikes, should have a correct idea of persons with whom they would live in peace by knowing them also.

Let us suppose we have a young man of a marriageable age who contemplates entering into that important contract. There are a few things that he must not overlook or trust to blind chance ; it is true trusting to blind chance may come out well. but oftener comes out ill. He should first know what kind of a life he expects to lead, and what position he expects



to occupy. That he may be unprejudiced and unbiased by the charms of any woman, should decide calmly what kind of a woman he should marry, remembering that he is to marry for a companion, a help-mate, not a burden, not an inharmonious partner, yoked to him by galling chains that he can neither endure nor shake off.

If he is a man of refinement, taste and culture, and expects to occupy a position of that kind in society, he would be very greatly embarrassed if he had for a wife an ignorant woman. It would be a hard matter to measure the embarrassment of a man who is ashamed of his wife's ignorance. On the other hand, let us suppose he is a domestic man, loves home more than company, expects to live a quiet, peaceful, domestic life. Should such a man marry a society woman, one who loves to go everywhere, and be gone all the time, devotes herself to the love of the empty vanity of fashion, the hollow mockery of the "four hundred"? (these simple-minded people who wear good clothes that other people work for, and imagine all the world are looking at the gugas hung about their little bodies, or put over their empty heads.)

The quiet, home-loving man, who marries the worshipper at the altar of fashion, may doubt a future state of punishment, but he

will have no misgivings as to the realities of a purgatory on earth. Sometimes between a roof and a floor, and surrounded by four narrow walls, there is more Hades than John Calvin ever dreamed of. It is well for a candidate of matrimony to not overlook his religion—for let us presume he has a religion.

A man without religion is a statue without life.

It is best to marry a woman whose religious views correspond with his own, nor is it wise for him to marry a woman who has no religious views, though she may be beautiful in face, perfect in form, charming in wit, fascinating and elegant, she is but a beautiful, poisonous flower. She lacks soul-beauty, heart-elegance. Nor is it well to marry one whose religion is so ungenerous and illiberal as to make her a bigot. Religion will bless the house-hold. Priestcraft is narrow and selfish.

If he is quick-tempered, impulsive, unyielding, it is not probable that a woman strongly possessed of these same qualities will add to his pleasure. He has thorns enough of his own, he had better marry some roses. Should he lack in firmness, determination, will power, force of character, it would be wise for him to marry a companion possessing these, so his weakness will be aided by her strength.

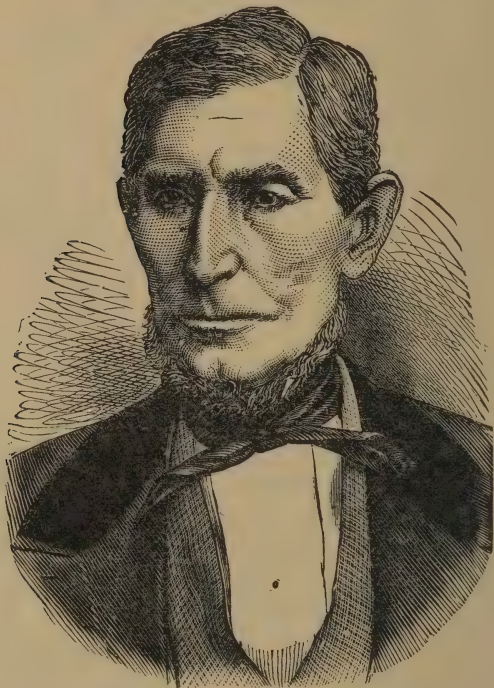
## COMPATIBILITY.

By this we do not mean the harmony nor the want of the harmony in mind and taste, but the physiological compatibility, that is physiological *properness*. Some physiologists have taught there were as many as seven different human temperaments, others have taught that there were but four. In this work for convenience, and to be easily understood by the young, for whom it is principally written, I shall treat this subject different from either. I shall mention but three temperaments, and trust I will be able to make the subject of compatibility plain by the descriptions of them, and the illustrations used. The temperaments are Motive, Mental, and Vital. The naturalness of this arrangement will soon be perceived. The Motive temperament consists of the bones and the muscles, that which has to do with motion. The Mental is the brain and the nervous system, that connected with all mental action. The Vital embraces all the vital organs, the life-creating forces, all of the organs we might say of the trunk, both in the thoracic and abdominal cavities, but especially the heart, lungs, and digestive organs.

In general appearance the persons possessing either of the temperaments, strongly de-

veloped, are widely different, and just as unlike in nature and disposition. This fact is governed by the law of cause and effect, that permeates everything, and is the *primum mobile* of everything.

MOTIVE TEMPERAMENT.



JAMES WILLIAMS, EX-GOV. OF IND.

The motive temperament, of which I here give an illustration, has an appearance that is quickly recognized. They are tall, bony, coarse-featured, with large hands and feet,



large mouths and noses, and, when not possessed of considerable of the mental temperament, have black hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, foreheads slightly retreating, with heavy, projecting brows, broad shoulders, heavy chest, very seldom fleshy, usually "raw boned."

They are men usually without much polish, the refinements and delicacy of nature are not common to them. They generally have great determination, will, decision, practical judgment, unpolished power of mind.



THOMAS EDISON.—MENTAL TEMPERAMENT.

Persons who possess the Mental tempera-

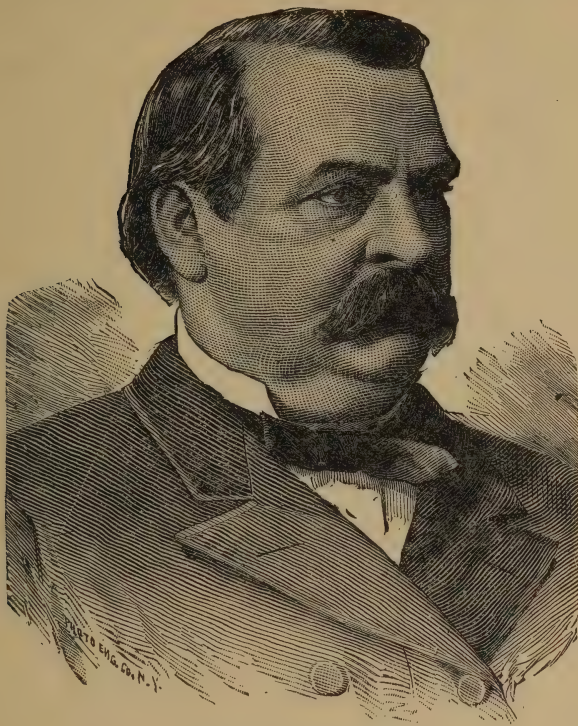
ment, are very unlike the Motive or Vital. They are not tall, medium height, sometimes slightly above, large head, broad and well developed through the upper region, but not wide between the ears, light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, with a thin, clear, delicate skin, which is frequently well freckled. When the vital is weak, small and narrow chest, drooping shoulders, thin, long neck, small, delicate hands and feet, body correspondingly light; very sensitive, keenly alive to every smile and every frown, easily impressed, capable of intense pleasure or very great misery.

Persons of this temperament, are given to mental pleasures rather than to animal tastes. They have naturally fine and delicate idealism, love of poetry, eloquence, fiction, beauties of nature and art, have a passionate but frequently a fickle affection.

#### VITAL TEMPERAMENT.

This temperament is characterized by a rotundity. They are usually about medium height, or a little above it, fair or florid in complexion, though when mingled with the motive also, may be dark. Head is wide between the ears, (evidencing much animal nature;) large, round, well-set; short, thick neck, broad shoulders, deep, heavy chest, plump, large, heavy body, rather a voluptuous heaviness, limbs large and plump, but hands and feet small. They are good liver, like to have an easy time,

plenty to eat, much more given to boss the



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

job than to do the work. They are frequently very sluggish, sometimes stupid, but when thoroughly aroused, though it takes much to accomplish that, they often evince wonderful intellectual power. Under these circumstances they may be sublimely eloquent and show

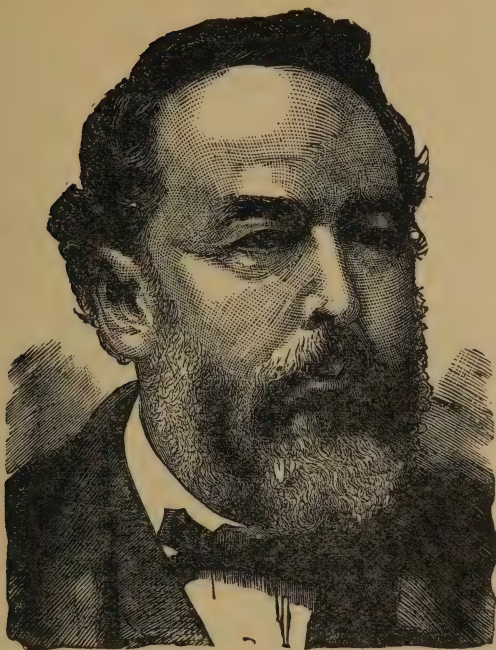
a depth of reason they were never supposed to possess. They are usually healthy, generally live to be old, and die very quick; heart disease and apoplexy reaping a large harvest among the vital temperamented, consumption getting but few. Many of them dig their own graves with their teeth. Their appetites draw them near to the undertaker.

With the foregoing explanation of the human temperaments, I must beg the reader to bear this in mind; no person has only one temperament, each has all three of these temperaments developed to a greater or less extent, and I here have only described each temperament in the extreme development that we occasionally find. But with this knowledge before him, aided by some observation of the persons whom he daily meets, he will soon be enabled to understand the combinations of the temperaments which he will observe in the friends whom he sees.

In a person who has the motive and vital temperament, or a combination of both the motive and vital, the form will be both tall and heavy, with the characteristics of both.

He may have either fair or dark complexion, but probably neither very fair or dark. Should he have the mental-motive temperament, he will be medium, well built in weight, but rather tall and fair and finer complexion and features,





TAYLOR.—Motive,—Vital.

than if he possessed the motive only, and possess much activity and intensity.

Those who have the mental and vital temperament are medium in height, voluptuous, well developed, clear, blue eyes, and, with women while young, a most beautiful complexion, with a waxy whiteness, though a beautiful complexion, is frequently the ensign to announce the approach of consumption in later

years. Another evidence of the frailty of loveliness, the deception of beauty.



BENJAMIN HARRISON.—Mental.—Vital.

The object in giving these explanations is to convey one of the most important lessons in this little book.

In the selection of a companion a person should not marry a temperament like his own for various reasons, the main one is the influence upon off-spring. We must not lose sight of the fact that to better the human race is one of the main objects in matrimony, and as the law of biology and conformity of type gives the children the combined characteristics of the parents, modified by the conditions sur-

rounding the parents, the unions should be such as to transmit the best result.

The study of the human temperament is the key to the knowledge so needful upon this subject.

Two persons of a strong vital temperament should not marry, as the children inheriting the excessive vitality from both will be extremely so, perhaps stupid or even idiotic, but strong in body. They will have too much of the animal and too little of the mental.

A person who possesses the vital temperament strong should marry a person who has the motive or mental strong, or both, but not the vital predominant.

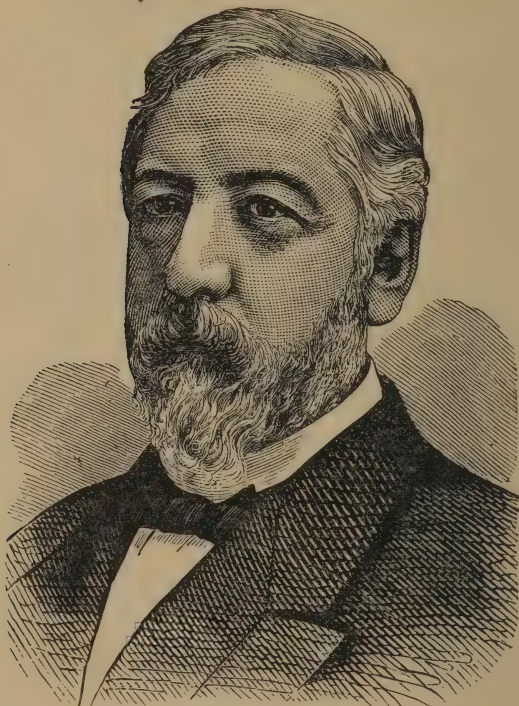
Should a person who has a strong mental temperament select a companion who has the temperament in like development, their offspring, if they have any, will likely be frail, delicate, weak, and die early. They will lack vitality, have but little animal tastes or appetites.

Right here, may I say, we find an explanation in the saying that, "the good die early." Children who have weak vitality have but little destructiveness or animal nature in general and they die early, not because they are good but because they lack in vitality.

Parents of the mental temperament strong, having but little vitality to impart to offspring, need not expect strong children.

A person with the mental temperament should marry either a motive or vital well developed, or better, one in whom both are developed.

WELL-BALANCED TEMPERAMENTS.



JAMES G. BLAINE.

A person who possesses the motive temperament strongly developed, may marry a combination of both vital and mental, thus all three temperaments be represented in each union



which is always best. If a person possessing a strong motive temperament marries a companion possessing the same, their offspring inheriting the muscular coarseness of both will be still greater so, lack symmetry, be out of proportion, in short, be coarse mentally and be coarse physically.

It may be said however, here, that the man and wife who have the same temperament will not likely have any children as was the case with Napoleon and Josephine, with Washington and Martha, though those four persons were healthy and parents, but not together. (I suppose no historian will say Washington was childless.)

For a number of years the young ladies and gentlemen who have been reading my pamphlets and hearing my lectures on these subjects, I have given the privilege, when they could not see me personally, to write me, sending a photograph of both themselves and intended, when they contemplate marriage, accompanied with a description of each, giving form, size, height, color of eyes, hair, and age, and I answer them by letter telling them whether such would be a compatible or incompatible union, and I also extend that privilege to the young people who read this book.

By marrying compatibly the offsprings will inherit the best qualities of both parents, and



GRADE OF INTELLIGENCE.

be well proportioned in physical and mental strength. By observing these rules the human family would be improved and reach a high grade of beauty and strength never before attained.

In more than twenty years experience as a physician, making lung disease a speciality, and treating over 100,000 cases, I have observed that incompatibility in the marriage of the patient's parents was one of the great causes of this dreadful disease, and that such patients are harder to cure than almost any others. I have observed this most, perhaps, in the patients who have visited me from the southern states, where this subject is less studied than in the north. One remarkable example from England presented himself to me for an examination in 1888. Two brothers

and three sisters had died of consumption though the father and mother were perfectly free from the disease, but incompatible, too much mental in each. Though his journey to me was long, I rewarded him with health.

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#### SCROFULA.

Not only is it essential that persons should marry compatibly in regard to the human temperament, but those who have any constitutional weakness or tendency to certain diseases, such as scrofula, cancer, consumption and other maladies we might name, should, under no consideration, marry persons afflicted in a similar manner, unless these contracting parties are too old to bear children.

If a person who has a scrofulas diathesis—a tendency to that disease—marry a companion who has a like tendency, their unfortunate children will thus inherit a double tendency to the same disease which will be developed very early, perhaps at birth. It may make its appearance as rickets, as white swelling, as a want of development of the bones, as sore eyes, as ulcers on various parts of the body, as enlarged and suppurating glands about the neck, or under the arms or in the groins, but more frequently as tubercular consumption. So, if a person has a tendency to cancer, or if there be cancer in the family, to get a companion from

a cancerous family also, is to insure cancerous children. The same may be said in regard to consumption, but with more force. Persons who have a tendency to that disease, be it ever so weak, should under no consideration marry consumptives.

It is questionable after all if any persons suffering with disease like the above, or any other serious blood disease, have a moral right to marry, until, at least, they have good evidence that, from age, better development, or the proper medical treatment it has been removed, which is again improbable in inherited diseases.

There surely can be no debate upon this question. We have no right to entail misery upon others.

When I see the scrofulas child, or the syphilitic child, I think how wicked its parents have been, or how ignorant they were.

Children, though well developed, born with a good constitution and well cared for, will under the most favorable conditions, likely find quite enough misery, suffering and sorrow in this world, without having it born with them.

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#### COUSINS.

In many states of the union the marriage of cousins has been prohibited by law. This wise legislation is based upon the sad expe-



rience and unpleasant results seen so frequently from such unions.

If cousins, who have directly opposite temperaments, being very strongly compatible, should marry, imbecility, deformity and imperfections in the off-spring may not be present, from the strong compatibility, giving rise to the best development that could be under the circumstances, but such children are never found to possess as good development in brain and body as the children from similarly compatible unions where there was no blood relation.

Second and third cousins of different temperaments and who have been raised in different climates and under different conditions, may marry and see less objectional results in their off-spring than if raised in the same climate under the same surroundings.

If parties be too old to bear children then these objections will not obtain, and they might reasonably marry for companionship, or other causes, and no evil, of course, could arise from the union.

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#### MIXING OF RACES.

The intermarrying of different races will result in the improvement of the lower race, but be damaging to the higher race.

In the union of the whites and the blacks

everything is to be lost and nothing to be gained. The mulatto has less vitality than the negro. The various blood diseases find nidus in his constitution where they run rife. Consumption, scrofula, and similar maladies are always common with that class of people, and after the third generation, these hybrids when married to each other, are frequently found to be barren, and the journey of their race ended.

The intermarriage of the whites and blacks would, in a comparatively short space of time, entirely obliterate the black race, from the fact that in reproductive force, when united with the white, the black blood is inferior. If a white man and a black woman are the parents of a child, the child will be three-fourths white, but if a black man and a white woman are the parents of a child, the off-spring will be one-half white, thus the white race, in the main, has the advantage for its color.

The above facts in regard to this race-power explain why we see so many yellow people in the southern part of the United States. The associations of the white males with the black women, have bleached the black to a saddle-color, but, be it said to the ever-lasting honor of the southern woman, she has almost never been the parent of a colored child. Could as much be said of her white brother

his name would have a better odor than it seems to bear.

There are no grounds, however, for any fears of social equality of these two races. Nature has drawn a line so deep and so wide, that it will ever be revolting to cross it, and every attempt at equalizing the races on a social plane has always been, and ever will be, disgusting alike to the judgment and sensibility of all refined people.

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#### DIVORCE.

For many years the question of divorce has been discussed, and sometimes its opponents have gone to the verge of vehemence in their denunciation of those who could not live together in peace, seeming to think it was their mission in this world to compel others to endure what they themselves would be far from suffering, but amid all the opposition to divorce, legal separations have steadily gone on increasing in numbers, being granted more willingly by courts today, than, perhaps, at any past time. This fact, though seeming so terrible to some, is one of the best evidences of advancing civilization and the purifying of society. It is an evidence that marriage is held in higher esteem, home more sacred, the rights of manhood and womanhood more respected.

It is true, this should be regarded with a jealous care and not granted for frivolous reasons, but it is equally as true, that no person is either legally or morally obligated to live with a companion who adds only misery and disappointment to their lot.

If the courts did not permit such to be divorced, they would separate anyhow, and, being prevented from contracting a second marriage, would find far worse avenues in which to travel and at a more rapid pace. There are some religious sects that bitterly oppose divorces, but the records of the courts show that they apply for such separations as frequently as other people. What they are quite willing to see others suffer, they are just as anxious to escape, when it falls upon them.

It does not require a great deal of heroism to see other people tortured, but so it is, the creed is frequently for other folks.

It may be taken for granted that every human being wants to be happy, he may take the wrong road to find that, and may come far from understanding what the term means, but after all, he wants to be happy. I question very much if there is a marriage where the parties did not hope for, and expect to realize that blessing. That many do not—that the majority never receive what they expected—may be true, possibly is true, more than likely it is

true, still by patience, wise judgment, a yielding grace, a bending to the inevitable, making the best of a bad bargain, they live reasonably agreeable, comparatively happy, and with an honest, fair effort on the part of both companions, may, and often do, grow into that full confidence, and, possibly devotion, that makes them happier than they expected to be.

There are many cases where one companion may be exceedingly anxious to live happy, do every duty with an eye single to bring pleasure to that household, yet the other one be utterly indifferent to the blessings thus sought, or absolutely callous to every endearment and every noble effort and good aspiration thus attempted by the unfortunate partner.

There surely is no reason why the innocent party should always suffer.

Let us suppose a noble, pure, kind, loving, lovable woman whose highest aims and chief desire is to make her life a blessing to her kind. She meets and loves a man whom she believes to be honorable, upright, noble, pure ; a manly man, one whom she believes to be a moral man, and possibly a Christian man, and who does all in his power to make her thus believe that he means well. She marries this man, and learns, later, that he is a deceiver, he is a polished hypocrite, a whitened sepulcher, a gilded filth, a drunkard ; learns that he does



not use even common civility toward her, much less affection. He curses her, he disgusts her, feeds her on famine, clothes her with rags, he comforts her with misery. His touch is torture, his caress unbearable.

A woman can only love where she respects. Perhaps no creature is so utterly and hopelessly wrecked as the sensitive, refined, good woman, chained to a beastly man.

Let the mind draw the most frightful picture the imagination is capable of conceiving. Let it picture a gloomy cave surrounded by stone walls, and paved with a stone floor. Let no light break through the gloomy walls above nor below, and let the cave be filled with the dead bodies of men, and beside each body let there be pools of corroding blood in which vile toads croak and where foul worms writhe and poisonous serpents hiss. Let vampires tear the decayed flesh from motionless bones, let jackals rend the dead with their fangs, let serpents hiss from the lack-luster of the eyeless holes where once gleamed bright eyes. Let toads croak from between the chattering teeth, where speechless tongues again receive speech, and let the dead hands of those putrid bodies beat back the vampires that advance to rend them, let them clutch the jackals that tear off their dead flesh, let the awful wail of torture, even of the dead, burst from their once sealed

lips, and pandemonium thus awful reigns. Let worms writhe, serpents hiss, jackals growl, vampires rave with rage, beaten back by the dead hands in this charnal house, then shut out every gleam of day, and turn upon this awful fantasmagoria the fiercest gleam of hell, and chain to that stone floor the sensitive woman, and she would be less miserable than chained to a beastly husband.

Oh, Hell! Hell! Thy other name is unhappy marriage.

How any person, laying claims to the least feeling of human kindness, could refuse freedom from the unfortunate matrimonial bastille, is more than I could imagine.

Let us suppose a good, honorable, upright man marries a woman whom he believes to be possessed of these qualities also, whom he believes would be a good, faithful wife, and whom he loves with that undivided devotion that becomes the strongest power in his life.

To live a happy life, to have a good home, with all the blessings of a good home, such as only a good wife can bring, is his earliest thought and latest care. After marriage he learns that awful lesson, that terrible fact, that more than one man has learned, that, though married, he has no wife—no helpmeet. Learns that she, to whom he is tied and who was to have been the better part of himself, is unlov-

able, unlovely, unbearable, mean, unkind, a female Satan, a she-devil; worse than Zantepe, though he thought her to be a Penelope.

He may struggle with all the power, and use all the reason and patience allotted to a man to get along in peace, more perhaps than old Job ever dreamed of, for suffering a few boils and a few storms and the loss of a man's money is nothing to be compared to the poor male wretch, linked and housed with a terrible female whom he has to call "wife." Suppose the wife shows no interest in her husband's welfare, suppose she dishonors his name, suppose there be any unbearable things, shall he always carry this burden?

Love in the house is the only thing that can keep the married out of divorce courts.

Love is the sunlight that gives every heart a golden fleece.

Before a divorce is sought by the unhappy, every patience should be exhausted, every honorable means tried to live in peace, and not resort to the courts of separation, until it is evident that it is the only course to be taken. If a divorce is inevitable, the sooner then the better. If a married couple can not live together, it is better they would be separated before they have children, that would only complicate it worse, although children may bring peace to a household when nothing else will.

A child is a golden bridge of celestial sunshine that touches two shores, earth and heaven, and many times furnishes a transport for father and mother to pass over upon, learning in the prattle of the little one the divine lesson of love.

Sometimes over a little grave all hate is laid down and tears wash out all selfishness.

Grief may purify the heart when the eloquence of the pulpit fails.

In dying, as the child enters the gloom, it sometimes casts back a halo of light and love, so pure that its selfish and misguided parents are transformed, like it, into children of peace. It may be well said, a childless couple never can understand, really and truly, what human love means.

To be happy at home as married people, persons must educate themselves up to being happy with the little things of life. It is not the great things that make us happy, it is being satisfied with our lot and guided by a spirit of contentment.

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#### AGE TO MARRY.

The proper age at which persons should marry, must be governed, to an extent, by their physical and financial condition. Early marriages usually may be counted on as the best. By early marriages is meant from twen-

ty-one to twenty-three or four for a man, and from eighteen to twenty-four for a woman. Where everything is favorable, and the union seems to be based on good judgment and agreeable conditions—the man with his trade or profession, and settled in business ready to earn a living, the woman with her education, and capable of taking hold of a household. These earlier unions, in the main, are likely to be more agreeable with less dissatisfaction than when marriage is put off until such a late period that conditions and conveniences force them to take a step more for a selfish motive, than for the affection they may hold for a companion.

There is a period at which the single person will pass the Rubicon and leave all affection behind. Marrying at that period, they carry into matrimony only the incipient husks of by-gone flirtations.

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#### LOVE GETS ALL IT SEEKS.

When a child, love wants a little red-cheeked playmate, it wants to hold a little dimpled hand, it wants to hear merry, ringing laughter, it kisses little ruby lips, and wipes away a little tear, because a toy was broken, and when it older grows it wants to hold a faithful hand, it wants to hear the love of a confiding heart, it wants to lean upon an em-



bracing arm, it divides its joys, it shares its sorrows, and love wants a home where it can sit down and rest, and look into the deep earnestness of a heart that never betrayed it, and see the light of a soul that has no clouds.

Love wants to bend over a cradle and tie little blue ribbons on sun-kissed tresses that cluster around those blue eyes that seem to be little seas of azure fell down from the stars, and love then takes another hand and leads another that looks up, but asks not even where it goes, and about the hearthstone gathers with its own creation, its children, and when it still older grows, and is gray and bent, when it has fought the good fight and kept the faith, with weary hands and tired feet, it wants to go to sleep wooed to the last dreams by the kiss of home and the blessings of its children. It sinks to this rest with a full faith that it but steps beyond a dark curtain, and waits in the sunlight, until those who are left, pass on by the same gradation and reach the same point to pass through the same shadows and join it in a morning that has no noon—the noon that knows no night.

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#### THE RELIGION OF HOME.

Of all places to cultivate the good and the pure, home is the best, and yields the best profit for the investment.

The long prayers we offer at church, avail but little if we do not carry that spirit, or even a better one, into our homes. If that refining influence, that soul culture, that points up to a higher and better life, is neglected at home, a child seldom attains that beauty of perfection of spirit any where else ; nor does this consist in a rigid religious catechism or unyielding semi-barbarous formality, that obtained so largely in the past age, and is yet unfortunately extant. It does not consist in making the Sabbath a day to be dreaded by childhood, and regretted by older persons ; it does not consist in crushing out the jolly, merry, boisterous life of children ; it does not consist in having a face as long as a telegraph pole with less kindness than is beheld in the countenance of an executioner ; it does not consist in believing God to be an All-powerful heathen, whose chief delight is in doing something very cruel and mean ; it does not consist in being delighted in believing in an everlasting punishment that the other fellow is to get into ; it does not consist in believing that the Lord, from all eternity, fore-ordained that the little children shall go to hell, while selfish old hypocrites slip into heaven, but it does consist in a continual kindness, patience and devotion to the teachings of the Master, and laboring in His vineyard, at home. It con-

sists in taking up the little one that has mashed its finger, and binding it up and kissing away his tears. It consists in gluing the broken leg on a doll. It consists in sewing rents in little garments. It consists in serving little plates at the table. It consists in taking the wayward little thing, when it is mad, in gentle arms, and making it realize that love is better than hate. In consists in helping tired mother and giving her rest. It consists in kindness and respect toward father, that his burdens may be lightened, but above all, it consists in daily teaching the divine lesson of love, and holding the life and character of the Gallilean before the household until He truly becomes a member of that family—a loving brother of all.

Parents, raising a family, should not neglect at marriage, if they have neglected it before, to join some church of their choice, and take their children with them, and early impress upon their minds the essential necessity of being pure and upright. It also may be as necessary that they guard these children from the fanaticism and excitement of some misguided, weak-minded people, who seem to think religion means to do something ridiculous. Such persons would have us believe the Lord is pleased with an Indian ghost-dance, or the wild, weird performances of the Dervishes.

If it were not for the strong opposition to the various disagreeable creeds churches have many persons today would be members of the church, that are found outside their pales. A creed possesses alike ignorance, bigotry and tyranny. They surround churches like a barricade, to keep people out, and sometimes to go in is to leave independence outside. Many, however, go in in spite of the creed, very much as boys go swimming in a brook, for the water, not for the mud and the snags at the bottom. These creeds are burdens that nothing save the good and glorious work of the church could carry, and doubtless many of the authors of the creeds never believed them themselves. The most extravagant dreamer could hardly imagine that John Calvin believed there were infants not a span long in hell, but Calvin made a good many other people believe it.

Oh Home! Home! Thou art the island of the blest, flower-clad and sun-kissed, that love has raised above the storms of hate in the ocean of life. One step from thy shore, and heaven is reached.

## IN BLESSING, BLESSED.

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Some boys and girls, one summer day,  
Hied them hence to a cooling shade,  
Where joyfully they oft did play  
O'er craggy hill and grassy glade.

When noon-tide came, with burning heat,  
That drove the wood-duck to the brink  
Where lilies fair the waters meet,  
As if they too must have a drink.

Each child with thirst, severe did burn,  
And point afar to the sparkling tide  
That flowed like rippling rills of morn  
Adown the distant mountain side.

Some noble lads, imbued with love,  
Quickly ran to the fountains bright,  
Nor thought of burning sun above,  
Nor tarried for the shades of night.

With jug and pail and earthen jar,  
Flew as if winged Mercury's feet  
Had laid a race with a flying star,  
Or whirled a waltz with Venus sweet.



Vessels filled at the gushing fount,  
They turned, with cheers, long and loud,  
To climb the thorny, craggy mount  
Back again, to the thirsting crowd.

They struggled hard with burdens great  
For little hands, so frail and weak,  
And sighed, and thought of "cruel fate,"  
But no complaining word did speak.

Alas! how oft we burdens bear  
For those who do not realize  
The heart-aches, groans, the rising tear,  
The wave on wave of swelling sighs.

But to know that we have given  
Water to those who suffered sore,  
Opens up a fount in heaven  
Where we may drink, and thirst no more.

## LOVE AND FAITH.

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IN all human affairs there will ever be more or less doubt and uncertainty ; we at best but “see through a glass darkly,” knowing in part, guessing at the rest, and often find vague conjecture about our only guide. Our aims and objects are pursued, not infrequently, as one would follow a faint echo at night, or a dim path in a strange forest, by the falling light of the waning moon. Now we see foot-prints, there the way seems clear, here the bushes are divided, yonder the clearer light removes doubt. But this is the highest peak of the hill and commands the most far-reaching view, that shows even the fading veil of smoke that hangs, like some delicate tapestry, on the blue walls bending to the horizon, but in the valley where the thicket tangles wild vines, trailing plants, shrub and bush together, over fallen trees, rocks, and the emerald carpets of moss, nature spread for weary feet, all is darkness, Isis has hidden her silver face, the foot-prints if there, are not discernible, no star looks through the vacant space left by a fallen tree, the echoes are confused, mingled and uncertain, we know not from what di-

rection they come, nor how to trace them to their source.

In our way are decayed trees and pain-inflicting thorns. In the darkness, feeling for the moss on the north side of the tree, our wondering hands touch and feel the sting of nettles, in the stillness we hear the hiss of an adder, on the heavy black wings of gloom is the odor of the night-shades. There in the withered leaves is a skull, and over it clutch the fleshless bones of fingers, while voiceless eloquence comes from the wasted lips, that he too, was once a traveller in the forest, lost his way, and went to sleep in the darkness to wake no more. From the right comes a call for help, and is answered from the left by a wail of anguish, mocked from the frowning crags by the phantom-like owl, lending to the gloom, the suspicion of assumed but unexplained wisdom. Weary, frightened, sad, reason confused, hope departed, the wanderer waits for the dawn, and in the forgetfulness of sleep, takes the joyful wings of dreams and flies where softly sigh the sad south winds o'er sleeping southern seas and there meets the rising morn—in its light finds his path.

So-with human loves, hopes and ambitions, we often lose our path. Our highest aim that we hoped to carry over the ocean of life in some vast floating palace, shrinks till we put it into

a cockle shell and launch it, child-like, in the meadow brook. The soul's burning ambition that in youth, towered like a snow-clad, sky-kissed mountain peak, bows down to common toil, bends over a cradle, and is content. The dream of wealth that gave us a mansion of matchless magnificence, fades out with frosting hair, and as we sit in a cabin, and, stitch by stitch, sew an odd colored patch upon a little worn garment, happier, a thousand times, than if we had the mountain of our ambition, or mansion of our dreams.

We are only happy with what we enjoy, and love what we can comprehend. It is, after all, the smile and the kiss of home that marks the bounds and sweeps the circle about all human joys.

When fame has been defeated and overthrown, genius lost in the darkness of its own confusion, faith will see a star, and love will find a path.

We must use all our faculties, but above all, never forget the highest and best of all—Love and Faith—they give us a higher, broader, deeper sense of life and its duties, than all else belonging to life, and will bridge over chasms that wealth, fame, genius, honor and power all combined cannot span.

Faith will direct a life, and love will gain a heart.

Love can wear a crown of thorns in peace, while waiting for a crown of glory.

Faith enjoys a crust, and waits for "the bread of eternal life."

Were I asked to-day what I thought this country most needed to insure its progress in science and morals, its development in greatness and power, to enrich its domestic life with the realization of the ideal home, and forever insure a free government to the children of the New World, I would surely answer without hesitation and say, "Love and Faith," and were I asked what I considered America's greatest danger, I would as quickly say "Greed and Atheism." The one pollutes this life, the other robs us of the hope of a life to come, together they blunt all feeling and debase all conscience, they empty the heart of its kindness and fill it with suspicion and hate.

Atheism is indifferent to every principle that we call sacred. It never sees the flower, it only beholds the clod at its root.

Greed is deaf to the wail of wronged innocence, and blind to the suffering of its helpless victims.

A deep, abiding, religious faith will comfort when nothing else can solace, as the following incident may prove :

I once sat, twenty years ago, in a secluded spot in a country graveyard, one Sunday eve-



ning. A bright October day had finished its golden journey and was melting away in the west like a smile of God, dissolved to ethereal amber, and hung from a soft, blue, autumn sky. On the distant hills the maple kissed by soft September skies, blushed to scarlet—robe of death—displaying every exquisite tint in the last rays of light that floated across the valley—a receding tide back from the shores of night.

The bronze oak, in rugged beauty, clung to every leaf as a banner from summer's battlefield. The tall elms signalled approaching chill and death with a yellow banner mingled with green, between the folds of which the creeper laid its bunches of red berries as a gracious offering on the couch of a dying friend. The weary bee, belated, still wooed the blushing clover, and, humming his song of toil, went to sleep over his task.

Roses had bloomed, breathed their balm upon the voluptuous bosom of June, the Venus of all the year, and died. Poppies distilled their panacea from the dews, offered it to the afflicted and withered. Vines matted over nameless graves, and flowers marked the mouldering heap of sleepers, whose tired hands at last found rest, and whose heartaches stopped with the last throb, and now rested well beneath this warfare of bloom and decay.

Day waned and twilight deepened.

A smile of joy fades to a sigh of regret. A rustle of leaves, the vines shake, and just yonder in the shadowy path, comes a pale-faced, weary, sad woman in black, who kneels by a short, fresh-filled grave, and folds her empty, childless arms upon a breast where joy no more comes. She bends over the speechless clods and calls, as only a mother can call, when the little golden head that nestled on her bosom and went to sleep at her song, is there no more. She calls "Baby," and baby answers, though in a voice that only the faith of a mother's heart can hear.

How thin the veil that divides the two shores—life and death—and how easily faith ferries the echoes from strand to strand. We listen awhile, and then follow across, to call back as we have been called. Her prayer was the poetry of love and sorrow; her hope the rainbow from the tears of grief.

Homeless, husbandless, childless, she bowed to commune with her dead; she prayed, and in praying laid her burdens down. Though "fallen;" though the world had marked her with a "scarlet letter;" though the flowers of maternity were the nettles of sin; though grief and death walked on either side of her path, faith and hope stood by her when she kneeled, and a voice gentle as pity, said: "Peace! thy sins are forgiven."

When this poor outcast, this Mary Magdalene, arose in the deepening shadows, a face radiant with ineffable joy and matchless bliss, beautified with a smile of spotless purity, the midnight of her grief changed to an eternal morning of happiness.

As, at night, we look up through the darkness to the stars, so in the gloom of our sorrow faith in the cross, lights all our path with glory.

I said, looking after her vanishing form in the darkness: I wonder if all the writings and lectures of all the unbelievers, such as Hume, Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll ever made one such poor, broken-hearted woman, happy as this one, who had "an advocate with the Father?"

All human affairs will ever be wrapped in gloom, shrouded in mist, under a cloud. The loves of the heart and the admiration of the soul, will not entirely escape what befalls the senses and overtakes the reason. Night will come to all alike, and patience must wait for the morning. No forest is so broad and tangled with so many vines, as human love, and some of these vines are poisonous and in the path may be found night-shade, the skeletons of other's hope, and empty hands of their despair will be present as reminders of human uncertainty, the frailty of life's powers.

Night is not without a dawn, nor human

trouble without its morning, but it must wait, must look up to the stars until it can look up to the sun, grope its way in the twilight until it can walk forth in the daylight.

As the pupils dilate in the darkness till forms shadow themselves vaguely before us, so the human soul, in the gloom of sorrow, expands with faith and love until it sees the kind providence of God in its own misery.

Evening rocks the weary world to sleep while night lights torches in the sky.

In suffering we learn useful lessons that pleasures never teach.

The wondering heart must wait as the weary mother at the cradle, till the night passes and morning comes. Till the first faint light of approaching day hangs like an ethereal mist of dissolving gold over the hills, where still hangs the dark, gray sky of waning night, through which pales the last star and fades with the goddess of shadows. Broad beams pierce the firmament; Aurora mounts her chariot of fire and waves the torch of day.

With man's trinity—patience, love and faith—tears of sorrow become pearls of joy, sighs soften into music, pain laughs to pleasure, and night becomes day.

## FAITH.

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No life is supremely blest,  
Every heart has a coffin  
Where it lingers, sadly, often,  
Till the bitter feelings soften,  
Into tears that give it rest.

But in its darkest, sad retreat,  
Faith hears the rustle of a wing  
When angels to its desert bring  
Flowers from life's eternal spring,  
That make its joys complete.



## HUMAN LOVE.

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Oh human love! how blest thou art,  
A sunbeam through life's darkest gloom  
That melts the ice around man's heart,  
And makes its sweetest roses bloom.

Where thou art not man need not seek,  
For joy will never there be found,  
There climes are drear, there skies are bleak,  
And winter holds the spring ice-bound.

Where love has raised its banner high  
O'er silver hair or cradle dear,  
There let me live, there let me die,  
And share its smile, call forth its tear.

## “HOME.”

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AFTER marriage, if not before, a home should be established, and the sooner the better, as a separate house for each married pair is one of the prime necessities for the good of domestic life and proper rearing of children, and if that can at first be so located that moving may be avoided, much will be gained. As a protection to mother and children, that home should be deeded to the wife, that no debts arising from the uncertainty of a business or professional career, may ever deprive those innocent creatures of a hearth and roof. The avarice of capital has no soul or heart. It will, without a sigh, send the weeping mother into the street with a starving or dying child in her arms.

Greed has no ears, no eyes—only claws.

Every woman should, and could justly demand the deed for a home. A woman that could not be trusted that far is not a woman worth marrying.

As long as a family owns its own home, be it ever so humble, it has the conscious liberty of being free, no landlord can order you out, nor rental agent, once a month, demand

double price for a disease-breeding tenement. I beseech you, under no circumstances, put a mortgage on a home that is once free; you may mortgage to get a home, but save every penny you possibly can to apply on that debt, till the cancer is removed.

A mortgage is a shadow over the cradle, and means too often a crust for old age.

Today, in the United States, to the shame of our country, there are mortgages on about six millions of homes, and counting five persons to a house, thirty million people are being bled by shylocks. Even the babe on its mother's bosom does not escape the filching hand of this robber, mortgage. At this time the unrest of the oppressed laboring classes, the complaints of the debt-burdened sufferers are of such a nature that the wise observer must look upon it with anything but pleasant reflections. When so great a number of persons complain the wrong is surely not imaginary. Some great evil must have deep root in the nation.

The home should be embellished with everything the means, taste and good judgment of the husband and wife will allow and direct. It should be a home truly, and not just a place to stay. Art, music and literature should have a large place in every house. Children raised without them will lack much of the refinement and sweetness that makes them lovely and lovable.

In all ages, art has ever held a high position as a great power for elevating and redeeming mankind. Greece reached the acme of its deathless glory by elevating its supreme idealism and embodying it forth in the matchless works of art, that, to call divine, would not be a misnomer.

At most and best, human nature is but imitative, catching ideas and inspirations from all that surrounds it. Now it is thrilled with the deep, reverberating thunder that bursts from the dark folds of some threatening cloud, and is borne away in the labyrinth of sublime emotion about the wonderful depth and fathomless abyss of the vast domain of space that seems like an ethereal upper ocean. The ear catches the soft, dissolving notes of some song floating from sad lips, and echoed like sobs from a distance, and follows these waning echoes, until it bends over some nameless grave, where tired hands, folded upon a pulseless bosom, at last find rest. The patriot sees the marshalled host that threatens his country and his fireside, and his bosom fills with the daring courage that permits not even a dream of fear. Dauntless, he is ready to go forth under the banner of his state and stand, unmoved, on a battle-field where the iron shower of death lays low thousands of the bravest and truest of his kind. This inspiration, borne up by the storm of bat-

tle, sustains his spirit while his life ebbs away, and he sinks to pleasant dreams by the babbling brook in a stranger's land and finds death glorious and sweet. The most cruel tyrant may be touched by the tears of a child, and a flinty heart melted to grief and pity. So all through life we are part of all we see or hear or touch. Especially is this true when we are young and tender.

All advancement in morality and intelligence must be made by the cultivation and patronizing of art in the broadest sense of the word.

Music is but art, arranged in sound, and brings before the mind of the hearer pictures and forms, whether they be angels or devils, paradise or pergatory.

Writing and speaking is art, the most difficult, yet the grandest, and the broadest fields art opens up. The work of art in this direction has an immortality and glory that time cannot efface nor the vandal destroy. It is the purest idealism, hence the most perfect realism, and indestructible. Long after the work of Raphael and Angelo and Fidious have crumbled to dust, the idealism of Homer's Iliad will stand untouched as the glory and grandeur of all ages.

The waste of war—tireless tooth of time—the pinch of poverty, nor the corroding of in-



difference, can ever sweep from existence the pure idealism of the past, the thoughts of those who have gone before.

The home without art, music and literature, is, at best, but a poor oasis on a barren desert. In rearing children it should ever be remembered the greatest and best of all this world is the intangible and the ideal, while the selfish, vulgar wants of life can but feed the body though they starve the soul.

Teach children early to love sweet songs, pure books, and beautiful pictures, and you will anchor their hearts to virtue and goodness by a chain that all the billows of passion in after years cannot break. The neglect of properly raising children can never be overcome so fully that its effects will entirely disappear.

The state should remove every burden from the homes it so unwisely lays upon them, as its taxes, for, in maintaining a home, the very life and moral power of the state is maintained, and, at expense and sacrifice upon the parents, with no financial profit to accrue from it. Then, for the state to lay a tax upon it, is a relic of barbarism that should long ago have been abolished. The heavy taxes upon homes discourages investments in such property, robbing women and children of the blessings they would enjoy under wiser and more

humane legislation. There is plenty of property to tax, to supply all needed funds, without sucking the blood from the heart of civilization by taxing homes, and thus sustaining a political aristocracy that breeds corruption in every avenue of our politics, from the constable in the justice court in "Dogberry row," to the United States Senate.

At the least calculation the people are taxed twice as much as they should be, many public officers receive many times more than they deserve. Let it be hoped that some day we will cease to be the herd of blind, voting cattle that we now are, driven by the political lash of "my party," and see and act for ourselves and our homes.

The love of office makes the politician; love of country, the patriot; love of mankind the statesman.

While a home must be supported by the business interests of life, the cares and vexations incident to that business should never be carried into home. When the husband and father leaves the store, the office, or the shop, he should leave behind him, as far as possible, all the shadows and annoyances that will unavoidably, like cobwebs in a room, cling to the corners. Carrying these troubles home seldom lessen them, but multiply the troubles of others.

Every store has some bad debts and some mean customers, every lawyer has his disagreeable client, every physician has his complaining, unthankful patients. Carrying these facts home and unloading them at the dinner table, will not collect the bad debts, make the disagreeable client pleasant, nor the patients more lovable, but it will make the meal less enjoyable without improving digestion later.

In going home to the dinner, let the man carry, if it be possible, a smiling face and a happy heart, and resolve to take sunshine into the house with him, so the little children will welcome his coming with the laugh and shout of infantile joy, and the tired wife will feel the presence of rest when peaceful presence come.

Every woman who is the mistress of a house and mother of children has quite enough cares of her own—unavoidable cares—cares that will try her patience and daily vex her, cares and troubles that will tax alike her grace and equanimity to the limit of endurance. To help her bear and forget these is both a worthy and gracious undertaking.

Kind, loving words will smoothe out many wrinkles and keep a youthful face a long time under gray hair.

In going home the husband should always find the same cheerful and delightful greeting that he carries to that home. The wife should

make it her highest calling, the chief aim of her life, to make that home a place where he likes to come, and herself the most agreeable being he ever meets. She should remember a man longs for some place where he can have a quiet, peaceful rest, where he can, in part at least, forget the struggle in the turmoil of the battle for bread. The man striving for the means by which to educate and support a family has to be of very stout heart if he does not have moments when he almost falls by the way-side; many do fall and lack the courage to ever rise. It is at home where he recuperates this moral strength, there he buckles the armor on anew, from there he sallies forth again into the conflict.

If, in going home, he meets but the petulant complaint of a whining woman, who seems to be incapable of knowing a woman has any duties above being annoying to others, a helpless kind of a wasp, that, though unable to fly, has lost none of its stinging qualities; who thinks she must tell her husband of every little unpleasant incident that floats up to the surface in a child's life, like the bubbles from a turbulent little brook, and must magnify them all with more patience and care than would have been necessary to correct them. If a servant has broken a dish or spoiled a pie, her wail of complaint drags him to the verge of bankruptcy.

If she is tired she must scold about the drudgery and servitude of housekeeping, when perhaps if she had not married, she would have become a dried-up old maid and worked in somebody else's kitchen.

Let the wife always be dressed neatly at meal time, not dressed finely, not dressed elegantly, but neatly, cleanly, with hair well arranged, determined to look pleasant, act pleasant, feel pleasant, for one hour anyhow, nor should she be made content with personal appearance, the table should be made as attractive as she knows how to make it. A man's heart is often found down his throat. At the table let her strive to entertain as well as feed.

When we see what a tough time some men have getting along with one woman, we think Solomon was surely a great ignoramus to try to live with a thousand.

If all women are angels in disguise, the disguise of some is wonderfully perfect.

Land monopolies have deprived the married people of owning land and establishing a home to such an extent that thousands are driven to the crowded cities, and forced to live in the disease-breeding tenement houses rearing their children in the homes of pestilence, poverty and famine. They are pent up by a few narrow walls without the kiss of sunlight, and



the children scarcely know what the merry plays of childhood are. Their father toils like a beast of burden, bent over his task in the battle for bread, day after day, for meagre wages, scarcely enough to provide food for his little ones, thus ground down by wrong and oppression, sowing for others to reap, toiling without recompence, until his feelings become as hard and calloused as his hands.

The greed of the wealthy makes anarchists of the poor.

A weak mother, broken by drudgery, vitality sapped by disease, hope burnt out by oft-repeated disappointments, joy crowded from the door by the wan face of want, cheeks burnt deep by tears of anguish, day by day endures the sad lot, night by night dreams of the darker night that overtakes old age without a home.

This sad picture is held before a thousand eyes in every city. Slaves, abject, scourged by oppression to the narrow cell, where the hungry and ragged little children, nightly and daily, lean over the knee and ask father for bread that he cannot supply. Winter comes, and little toes peep from worn-out shoes, and cold winds toy with rags that hang loosely about miserable little bodies. Though father has toiled all summer, has nothing for winter.

The greedy shylock, in his mansion, smiles by the cheerful hearth, glowing with the coal

that a starved miner dug from the earth for a pittance, and seems happy while the elements maintain their fiercest war abroad.

The saddest thing we see in this picture is the utter indifference shown toward the unfortunate by the fortunate.

The man with the hard hand who wears the ragged coat, loves his half famished children, that sleep on cots of straw, with a tenderness not less, perhaps more, than he whose boys and girls slumber on downy couches.

Though thousands upon thousands are homeless, foreign corporations own sufficient lands in the United States, if it were gathered together, to make ten states like Indiana, and yet the child of Columbia is without a home, while the foreigner, who has not even come to this country, forms a syndicate, and gets our land for a pittance, to put the free-born American upon it to be a serf, to toil for him as the down-trodden Irish toil for him on the Green Isle.

Oh America! Have thy statesmen all degenerated into mere clamoring politicians?

These wrongs, though suffered patiently for years, have oft called for redress to be answered by deeper wrongs, will, some day, if not righted, call a million tigers from a million dark dens, where they have heard their little ones complain, and when they sally forth,

mansions will tremble and palaces will fall.

The strength of this republic is not in the corporations and hoarded money, but in the happy homes its people have.

Land owning should be limited to that amount that the owner will himself cultivate, and no more, thus giving every man a chance to have a home of his own, and none but the American citizen should hold that deed. Those who want American land, should not be permitted to possess themselves of that rich blessing until they come to this country, take the oath of allegiance and stand by the flag.

The limitation of the ownership of land, and prohibiting the great army of cheap pauper labor that comes from Europe to our shores, would settle the labor question without any more trouble.

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#### FADING CHILDHOOD.

The life and death of children in the great cities of the country is a problem of most serious import, presenting an awfulness almost beyond human credulity. Were it not for indisputable statistics and figures the mind would revolt from a belief that such things could be.

In 1890 the New York tenement houses contained 163,712 children. This is eight-ninths of the children of the entire city. These loathsome places of human abode are almost en-

tirely without ventilation, sunlight, or the conveniences of home in any sense. To live in them means physical and moral death.

In some cases nine or ten persons were found living in a room ten feet square. In two small rooms in one tenement lodged eight adults and twelve children. In one house were found 58 babies; in another 101 adults and 91 children; in another 89, and in another 170 children.

If these were all taken to school, there would be 102,000 more than the school-houses of the city could accommodate.

Compulsory education is not enforced in New York nor even any attempt to do so, nor is there any effort made to prevent the sale of intoxicants or tobacco to these little creatures.

Surrounded thus, there is no escape for this great army of children except the grave, that very early closes over most of them; prisons get a good per cent of what is left.

One-half of the children born there die before they are five years old. When it is remembered that Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and all the large cities of America make a similar showing, can the most sanguine hope offer any promise for a perpetual republic?

Men are what children have been. Children are what we let them be.

Morality and intelligence are the safeguards

of a free nation. The cities do but little for freedom.

The political condition of New York is as besotted, and vicious, and corrupt, as gamblers and thieves can make it, a state well nigh hopeless, but not greatly worse than other cities.

In several of our great cities, more than half of the boys do not attend school ; in some sections of these cities, scarcely a person speaks the English language.

There is not a great city in this country where a moral, upright, honest, Christian gentleman could be elected mayor ; the immoral elements control the elections.

When boys and girls are reared under such conditions, what can be expected of the homes they establish and families they raise.

The reform for this terrible condition must begin at the ballot-box, as that is the fountain of all government—the fountain of national life—and must ever be the hope of the people.

Every man and every woman should become a politician and take a deep interest in the welfare of the nation. The few have run the political machine long enough to the shame of all ; it is now time for the many to assume control.



## THE CRADLE.

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Oh! cradle with each rock, swinging,  
The little scarlet cheeks roll back,  
Soft to mother's kisses bringing  
All else that life may lack.

Murmuring sinks, with sleep, to rest,  
Hushed the wail of baby cares,  
Dimpled hands fold on little breast,  
The angels hear its prayers.

All is still but the measured rock,  
And mother's faint, low song,  
In chime with ticking, mantle clock,  
While tired hours grow long.

But this is peace, a mother's rest,  
Bloom in life's desert wild,  
The blessing of all the blest  
A mother's sleeping child.

## LABORER'S LOT.

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Is labor's life but ceaseless toil,  
From morn till noon, from noon till night,  
O'er flying wheels or barren soil,  
And robbed by idlers of its right?

Must toilers go with tired hands,  
From day to day, like galley slaves,  
Nor complain at tightening bands  
Made galling by some cunning knaves?

Must Want, at labor's humble door  
Forever wait in silence, meek,  
And be companion for the poor;  
Paint famine on hunger's cheek?

While acres broad, untouched by plow,  
Spread far beneath a bending sky,  
Owned by some lordly idler now,  
Though landless poor may starve hard-by?

Children, Love's angelic token,  
Be of their birthright ever shorn,  
Every humane law be broken  
That would give them but their own?

Will Avarice, cruel Mammon's greed,  
Forever tramp with iron heel  
O'er bending forms and hearts that bleed,  
Of those who can but weep and feel?

Divide the land and make it free,  
So every slave who wants to toil  
May find a home and ever be  
In freedom on a freeman's soil.

## HAPPINESS.

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ONE of the most common, and one of the most honest things done by humanity, in all stations and under all circumstances, is to seek happiness, though some find it, and some find it not, all alike seek it. The results of their effort rests upon the judgment in choosing a course. For the time being, all may find happiness; to an extent all do find happiness when they make an effort for it, but much of this happiness is transitory, followed by a reaction that brings misery.

Pleasure obtained in any selfish, dishonorable, dishonest or vicious manner, though it may be pleasant for the moment is always followed by the reaction, as there ever must be, misery will come.

To illustrate: suppose there be an objective point far up the river, and that point must be reached by navigating the stream. Though the current be heavy, and much toil and great effort be required to carry the boat over the shoals, every foot thus gained shortens the journey and brings ultimate rest that much nearer. It would be quite an easy matter and for the time being, a pleasant matter, to let the

boat float with the current down stream, but that would add to the toil of the task, that would lengthen the long hours of labor, the boatman would have to retrace the course, and breast the current that carried him down.

Now let us suppose life is a river, and that we must all the time go up stream to gain the higher and the better, the pure and the grand. Every effort helps us on nearer to that accomplishment, every effort lightens the burden that we bear and makes the journey more pleasant, until finally gaining supreme strength and perfect self-control, we rise above all the weights and over all the impediments and pass all the barriers, and reach the great, broad, deep lake of moral and intellectual pleasure from which the river flows.

The young person striving for pleasure by developing his moral and intellectual powers, is not more honest, though a great deal better in his intentions, is a great deal wiser than the one who seeks pleasure in the paths of dissipation and sin. At times he may feel the deepest pangs of disappointment, and his face may be burnt with tears of grief, and the current may seem to beat too heavy against him, and the multitude floating past him, gayly drifting down the stream, with laughter and wine, may almost bear him on the troubled waters that have merry ripples on their surface, but dark

death beneath their waves. With deeply fixed in his mind the fact that all virtue brings a reward, that ultimate joy was never found down stream, he still strives to overcome.

The person attempting to develop his moral and intellectual qualities will soon find new associates, new companions, new friends that he never dreamed of.

In history he gets acquainted with so many grand and lovable characters, so many heroic personages, the light of whose lives dissolve all the darkness for ages, the loving and patient characters whose kindness and gentleness give love to whole nations.

He waits patiently with gentle old Penelope and returns with faithful Ulysses. He gets acquainted with Abraham and like the father of the faithful, increases his faith; with Job he learns to endure all, and believes that all will come out better; repents his sin with David, and gathers wisdom from Solomon.

When his life is stormy, and troubled waves beat the shores of his limited hope and faith, he can go, though all alone, with the Divine Master, to tempest-tossed Galilee, and his troubles all go to sleep in the calmness of the tranquil sea. Thus by reading, by reflecting, we become acquainted with the world, and have loving friends with us who died a thousand years before we were born. To the joys

of this person, there comes no reaction, his light has no shadow, his path does not end in a dark and gloomy cave, where even the star of hope never shines.

The ignorant man has a limited acquaintance, if he has any, with this glorious world of the past that is now mingling with the present.

Should he seek pleasure in wine, he would do so not less honestly, as I have before said, but less wisely than his brother who chose the better path. For the time being, he is happy, in a measure, even in the first stages of drunkenness, but the reaction is physical misery and mental anguish. If he seeks pleasure in satisfying selfish greed and, miser-like, hoards his silver and clutches his gold, his selfishness locks his soul up in a dark and gloomy den where he finds only one companion, and that is Avarice. If he would be prompted to purchase a good book, Greed immediately tells him not to spend the money for it or waste the time reading it. Does he seek pleasure with the rough and vulgar of his kind, he builds an insurmountable wall about himself, that shuts the good of the world out, and leaves him a prisoner in his own dungeon. As life advances, all this class of selfish and misguided enjoyments must grow less, and if the moral and intellectual pleasures are not increased by the



development of the mind, and broadening of the moral nature, the creature, at middle age, may find himself absolutely without any pleasure. A condition that naturally, to many, invites indifference or suicide.

When children are taught, from the earliest day to the latest year, that they are under the parent's care, that the aim of life is justly and properly pleasure, and to devote all life to that is but reasonable service, and that pleasure is only the result of being and acting wise and good; when they are taught that the greatest blessing they can bestow upon themselves, comes by first bestowing a blessing upon another; when they are taught that selfishness and ignorance and wickedness of all descriptions, though they may bring momentary pleasure, secondarily bring sure and prolonged misery, and finally so effect the person both physically and mentally, that he is incapable of any real, pure joys, and that it is impossible for him to retrace his steps and regain what he has forever lost, I say when this is fully impressed, fully and deeply fixed upon the minds of all children, we will see a change in the world's affairs beyond the most delightful dream of the evangelist—we will see mankind reconciled to God. To do this work is the divine mission of home.

## THE HEART'S REST.

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In sadness I asked the wailing winds  
That sighed thro' the leafless wood,  
"Is there any rest for a weary heart  
This side of death's cold flood?"

Then echo came back as soft and sweet  
As the coo of Eden's dove,  
"There is no rest for the troubled heart,  
Only in Christ's pure love."

I asked the stars in night's great dome,  
All radiant with splendor bright,  
"Have you a beam for an aching heart  
In the gleam of your purple light?"

The curtains of shade were drawn aside  
And a voice from above  
Whispered soft with soothing lips,  
"Only in Christ's pure love."

I asked my heart as it troubling throb'd  
Over its scarlet task,  
"Give me an answer to this request,  
I ask, and ask, and ask."

It paused in its tireless work  
The soul's last hope to prove,  
A voice rose with a prayer of peace,  
"Only in Christ's pure love."

Then Peace came down with lips of Joy  
And kissed the brow of Care,  
And opened wide the doors of Faith,  
And my heart met Christ's love there.

## “HUSBANDS.”

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IT may be taken for granted that all marriageable girls are willing and ready to marry if the opportunity is suitable, and that no sensible girl would marry not believing such to be the case. Women marry hoping to better their condition, to bring more pleasure into life, give them a home they can call their own in earlier life, and in which to enjoy the quiet of rest in declining years. The success of her venture in this direction depends very largely upon the character of the man she marries. She should never permit herself to love a man whose character is such as to raise the suspicion of his ability, with her aid and a reasonable chance, to procure the means to establish such a home. While love is an important thing in marriage—and no marriage should ever be without it—it must be properly directed to a worthy creature. A woman's love bestowed upon an unworthy man is much like putting a gold ring in a hog's snout. To marry a bad man with the hope of reforming him is as hopeless a task as trying to make “a silk purse out of a sow's ear.” Either a man or woman who needs reforming, is not worth

marrying. While no man is expected to be entirely faultless, his moral character should be established beyond question, and far above the common vices and indecencies of his kind, that make the companionship of many a man almost unbearable to the refined, sensitive woman.

It might be well first to ask if the prospective husband has some honorable calling by which to procure the means of living for a wife, if he has not this, let the inquiry cease and the subject drop. If he is so deaf to the demands of honest manhood as to have no calling, trade, profession or means by which to get an honest living, he will have nothing to share with a wife but poverty and misery, which is not likely to enhance her happiness. If he has never supported himself, he is illy prepared to assume the responsibility of caring for others.

If a penny will not buy one apple, will it buy more? So the young man who does not support himself will as surely let others suffer.

A woman cannot live very happily without love, but love alone will hardly be sufficient in a long journey. Shoes, bread and butter, a house, and, an occasional dress will be found quite convenient, to say nothing about bonnets, ribbons and cake, and to be forced to procure them by her own efforts, while keeping a

house and raising a family, is augmented responsibilities that would take the romance out of the life of a Circe, or cool the ardor of a Cleopatra. Such things can be endured only by a squaw, or her equal and surely enjoyed by no one.

A man who will not support a wife has no right to a wife.

The question of a means of support being settled, the moral one may be taken up.

First, is he a sober man, if not, further attention to him is worse than lost time. A surer road to misery, shame, poverty, and all the woes a woman would gladly avoid, cannot be found than by a drunkard's side. A drunkard—a drinker—is absolutely unreliable in any responsible position, and to marry one, knowingly, is nothing short of domestic suicide. His reformation is not always impossible, but so doubtful that to count upon it is diluted nonsense. If he is not master of himself, he would be a bad master of a house.

No harder task than loving an unlovable man will ever be required of a woman in this world, and a more unlovable man than a drunkard has not yet made his appearance in society. He may not always be cross and abusive, but his utter unreliability and untrustworthiness marks his every step with doubt

and uncertainty, followed, finally, with total depravity.

I once stood by the bedside of a dying woman whose husband, that same day, had stolen the last feather pillow from beneath her head, and carried it to a rumseller and traded it for one more drink, and staggered into the miserable hovel to see his dead wife still folding her baby in her arms, while her pillowless head had no softer rest than straw. He purchased his rum from a seller duly licensed by the state. The state sanctioned that woman's murder, and man's ruin.

When I looked at her wan, ghastly, upturned face, it seemed to say, "how hard is the lot of a drunkard's wife."

To the woman that loves, a dream of being unfaithful is torture, compared with which death would be exquisite pleasure.

The offensive habits indulged by men often render their company exceedingly unpleasant to women, and to the more sensitive of the gentler sex some of these habits are quite unbearable and disgusting to the last degree, and render the men who indulge in them loathsome objects, to be shunned upon all occasions. The use of tobacco is one of these offensive habits, and does more social and moral harm than is usually laid to its charge. It has evils following in its wake far greater than dram-



drinking produces. It blunts the keen edge of intellect and renders the mind less susceptible of impressions or of acquiring knowledge, as has been proven both in this country and France. In the institutions of learning where the smokers and non-smokers were placed in separate classes, in every trial of this kind the non-smokers proved superior.

The use of tobacco, especially smoking, always damages memory, and generally irritates the nervous system, rendering the person less agreeable and forgiving toward others. Frequently the nervous system is ruined by tobacco, and the whole being a wreck, the children of such parents inherit an imperfect condition of the nervous system that constantly demands the narcotic effects of tobacco or whisky, and may fall a victim to the latter because his father's system was ruined by the former. More children suffer from the inherited evils of smoking than drinking.

No man has a right to be a father, who lives a life that will impart any evil to his child.

To the man who complains of the extravagance and expense of woman's clothing, I can not refrain from informing him of some comparative facts, and I think convince him that one filthy habit costs men more than twice as much than all the elegant dresses of women, both old and young, in the United States.

To furnish clothing for all the women and all the girls in this country, for one year, costs the sum of \$200,000,000—no small sum to be sure—indeed an immense sum of money. As all things are relative but death so this is relative. A sum of money can only look relatively large or relatively small, and this will look relatively small pretty soon. I am sure it will when we consider that it is spent for an absolute necessity, and when the money with which I will compare it is spent for something that is in no way necessary, never yields one particle of benefit, but, on the other hand, almost unlimited damage.

In the United States every year there is spent for tobacco, both chewing and smoking, the enormous sum of \$500,000,000, so for every two dollars spent for women's clothing five dollars are spent for tobacco. Taking this view of it, I am sure the price paid for clothing does not look so great.

Let us look at it in another light. Suppose the United States had 150,000,000 of people instead of 60,000,000 it would have two and one-half times as many as it now has; if this were true, as it likely will be some day, all of the women and girls that there would be then in the United States could be clothed just as well as those who are now here are now clothed for the money spent for tobacco in this country

at the present time, while the money spent for whisky, if saved and invested in homes, would furnish a house and lot in a short time for every family in the United States.



### NATURE'S BOOK.

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When soft September skies  
The blushing maples kiss,  
And dreamy Autumn flies  
On wings of fancied bliss—

I linger by the rippling brook,  
And hear its whispers low,  
And read a page in nature's book,  
As leaf by leaf they flow.

## WINE.

---

Oh wine, thy sparkling cups do hold a knell  
Of joy for man, that turns to hell,  
And rings out through all his soul's black night,  
Though thou didst promise joy and light;  
    And oft did kiss  
    O'er this abyss  
His weak lips, and promise bliss.

Thine, nectar-bathed, ottar of roses balmed,  
Till weak men fell, and by thee was damned  
With all the pain-pointed, tear-flooded woe,  
That from thy polluted fountains flow,  
    'Till his poor heart  
    Feels every dart  
That hell, in vengeance, can impart.

And at what cost is this to weak, frail man?  
Whose life at best is but a span  
Between the pillowed bosom mother gave,  
And the wrappings and trappings of the grave.  
    Wine names thee well,  
    But truth must tell,  
Thy other, better name is HELL!

## ANGEL AND TIGER.

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AT birth every child is twins ; it is both an angel and a tiger, and its noblest work in all after life will be to strengthen the angel and weaken the tiger—to develop wings and remove claws. The strife will be fierce between those creatures, and frequently the victory uncertain. The tiger is continuously growling, he is continuously scratching, he is continuously biting day and night ; he is trying to destroy the angel and live in a little body alone, just as a fierce, awful tiger. Day and night the good angel is trying to spread its loving wings ; it is trying to sing and smile ; it is trying to pray and bless ; so the tiger will go away and return no more. Its battle is waged with hate ; its weapons, love ; its warfare is under the banner of blessings. The tiger fights with malice and evil is his ensign.

No more blessed duty will ever fall to the lot of father and mother than to help the angel overcome the tiger : the assistance they yield best, will only be with the aid of an angel that has vanquished their own tiger. Nor can the state do a greater service to humanity than to help the angels of the boys and girls by closing

up all the tiger dens. As it is now, the habitations of the angels are open once a week, on Sunday, for a few hours, but the dens of the tigers are open seven days and nights, and twenty-four hours each day. From the habitations of the angels, men oft-times go to poverty, but to heaven; from the tiger's dens to wealth, but to death.





## FAST MEN.

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THE ignorance of good women upon this subject is the only excuse I shall offer for its introduction here, and I feel confident they will excuse me for doing so, after having read the few lines I shall devote to it. The pure, christian women live so far above the company and atmosphere of this class of men, and the women they associate with, they scarcely have the remotest idea of the loathsome, vile, terrible, and often incurable diseases that afflict them: Although, to these good women he seems quite a gentleman, and shows no outward signs of the worse than leprosy that infects his blood, that, transmitted to his child and its mother, slowly, but most surely, destroy their lives as relentlessly as a Promethian vulture, doing its work in a manner that appalls human feeling and baffles our credulity as well as our skill. I refer to that most loathsome of all human maladies, syphilis, the king of diseases.

This vile disease, as before hinted, in its secondary stage may not present one symptom that even the experienced eye of a physician could detect without a history of the case, and

the victim of it may, and often does, pass in the best society, marry some innocent girl, who, when afflicted herself or sees her stricken babe, should it be born alive, slowly destroyed by frightful ulcers that attack its lips, nose, mouth tongue, throat and different parts of its little body, and still not know why she suffers, or why her poor baby dies a horrible death, and all because the man she married, in years gone by, associated with harlots.

No woman should marry a man when there is one doubt upon this subject. The laws of every state should make it a penal offense for any syphilitic to marry, really the person that has syphilis should be excluded from society as a leper, as one infected with small-pox. His touch may be contaminating.

I once treated a young lady who contracted this disease by using a towel a syphilitic had previously used, she having a slight scratch on her hand, at which point the poison was absorbed. At another time, I was consulted by a mother whose two year old girlbaby was in the most frightful condition from the ravages of syphilis, taken from the kiss of an older brother, impressed upon her little lips.

As a physician of more than twenty years experience, I offer this warning to the good, pure women who surely deserve it, and will close by saying "marry only decent men."

When health laws prohibit the marriage of syphilitics they will take a long step in the right direction ; these laws should also prohibit the marriage of criminals and paupers, and thus mark the limitations of diseased, bad and worthless breeds.

The present health laws in most states were framed and passed at the instance of doctors and medical colleges, giving the interested persons a monopoly of the practice of medicine and graduating students, and, very largely, shutting out skilled competition. These laws, as they now are, can justly be classed as the most expensive monopolies of this age. In states where they are in effect, as Illinois, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa and some others, the people are compelled to pay a higher price for an inferior service. This monopoly seems to have been overlooked though it cost the people millions of dollars more every year than a better service would that puts every physician on his merit.

Doctors who ask the state to protect them from competition by such laws as many states now have, confess their own weakness and inferiority, they are incapable of holding their practice before the advanced physicians of this age. These laws assume that the people are not capable of judging the ability of a physician, and that the doctors whom the patients

do not want, must be the judges. Every man should stand or fall, as a medical practitioner, on his own merits.

These medical laws have one or more tyrannical feature, they lay restrictions upon this profession that at once exclude every poor boy, bars him out for all time, and hands this profession boldly over to the sons of wealthy men.

The study and college course requires about seven years as demanded by these laws, incurring an expense that those in medium circumstances can not stand. The poor boy can not, as in the past, under a system that put men on their merit, and built up this profession in America, until the London Lancet, one of the greatest medical journals in the world, said :

“The American doctors are the most learned men in the world.” This was said before the poor, perhaps ragged genius was crowded out to give room for a rich “chump.” Poor boys can no longer attend one course in a medical college, and, while waiting for the next, and studying do unimportant practice among their friends who are willing to help struggling fellow-creatures to a profession. It was in this way that almost every one of the older physicians in this country got his degree of ‘M. D.’

But this kind door is now closed in the face of the poor boys. They are forced to the ditch, the stable, the mines, without a gleam of bet-

ter nope. This law is a good thing for all doctors who are "in it," but a bad thing for the people.



### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

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Where heartless greed, by stealth, grows rich and strong,

Honest weakness may strive, but yields to wrong;  
Where cunning robs weary toilers of food,  
There desolation plants her famished brood.

Where laws, by law-makers, are set aside,  
There respect for law will not long abide,  
Where the robes of justice are trailed in dust  
The cry of injustice calls forth the just.

Where mocking prayers from alters weekly roll.  
Corrupt becomes the heart, and base the soul;  
When churches open for the fleece of gold  
The close-sheared sheep avoid the shearer's fold.

## THE LAKE.

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A jewel of joy in friendship's frame,  
Love's pearl in emerald set;  
Where kindness breathes on every name  
And soothes the heart's regret  
With dreams of rest,  
Serene and blest.

Songs enchanting fill the air  
At balmy eventide,  
From lips of love by faith made fair,  
To echo far and wide  
In sweet delight,  
Through all the night.

These songs in wooing echoes call  
The slumbering sense to wake  
Where silver moonbeams softly fall  
Upon the crystal lake,  
That seems to be  
Fair Gallilee.



## SECOND MARRIAGE.

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THIS is a subject that has been discussed more in recent years than ever before. As the refinements and better tastes of this generation point out the crudeness of much of the past, this subject comes up daily in the minds of a certain class of persons as to the propriety and justice of second marriage.

Like everything else, that is to be settled by human judgment, it has two sides, and the proper conclusion can only be formed by understanding the surroundings of each of the individual contracting parties. There are some cases in which the marriage of widows and widowers is doubtless the wisest and best thing that can be done, while in other cases, it is both unwise and ridiculous.

Suppose the young married man lose his wife by death and finds himself with one or more small children for whom to care. He soon discovers the natural fact that a man by nature was not calculated to be a mother.

His calling takes him away from his home, and upon that calling depends the support of these children ; here his first perplexities arise. These little ones need a thousand attentions,

they need to be taught with gentleness born of patience, they need what none but a woman can supply, and to supply that well is no small task for any one, especially a stepmother. A man situated as the above conditions indicate, can do no wiser or better thing than to seek and marry a suitable wife. But suppose a widower finds himself in the house with some grown-up children—young men and women—whom for years have gathered about the hearth-stone with the mother ; they have naturally looked upon her as the only person who could properly, who could justly, who could even respectfully and modestly, live in that house as wife and mother.

The father has passed middle age, has gray hair, and should have the dignity and reserve of an older man. To marry a young woman, fetch her into that household, seems an outrage to his big boys and girls. It seems an indecency, it seems an insult to their dead mother, and if he thought and felt like a true husband and father, it would seem so to him.

The children may discover this before the foolish father and giddy mother, and are usually not slow in resenting what seems to be an insult to their mother. Such households have not been noted in the past for loving gentleness, and there seems to be little prospect for improvement in this direction. Human

nature, as a hater, holds its own very well.

Should the children be married off or gone from home, then the man could reasonably marry a companion for his declining years with all propriety, wounding no child's feeling. The same we might say in regard to the widow. If she has small children, a second husband may come into that house, and learn to love these children when they are young and tender, an affection he could not have for them, should he form their acquaintance later in life.

As the stepmother can become a real loving mother to the baby of her dead friend, so a man, perhaps, not so easily and readily, but he can and often does become a kind father to the little fatherless children. The children cling to those step-parents and love them, and hardly know the love they had for their real parents.

In marrying a second husband when children are in the family, as marrying a second wife, great care must be taken to get one who has patience and gentleness. The monsters who have been stepfathers and stepmothers, by far too frequent, have left records that make the domestic circle shudder.

The person who can be a gentle father or a loving mother to the child of another, well deserves the highest praise. It is a task hard

to fill, and even when filled, is not always appreciated.

Should the widow, like the widower, find grown-up children in her house, it is more than probable that marrying under the most favorable circumstances, will be a failure. The man that marries the widow who has the grown children, seems to be to those children but little better than a disgusting intruder, if not a social monster.

If they be true and natural children, they venerate their father, and to the same extent they regarded him high, they are offended with the stepfather. In all such alliances the animal nature will usually be found paramount, and it is almost useless to attempt to keep this vulgar picture from the children.

As in the case of a man, if the children be married or gone from home, then the mother is comparatively alone, if she choose she may marry with propriety.

The rights of children should be held sacred with the memory of a dead companion, and it seems to me it would be more pleasant and fill the conscientious affections of the heart better to cherish the memory of the dead, and the absence of the body, let them be present in spirit at the board and about the hearth, remembering that each day shortens the journey to the shores of the river of rest, remembering

that e're long all will join that innumerable procession that marches out under the shadow, into the twilight, but through the gloom of death's night to the glow and brightness of the morning, where the dead will be found living again, and the unbroken family re-united there in the bonds of a deeper and purer affection than they could have ever known here.

Once I heard a little girl singing most sweetly. She seemed to pour out her pure, young heart like a broad deep river of liquid song.

I listened for a moment and learned the strains came from the cellar, and asked permission of the lady of the house to make a visit there, where I found the little nightingale in the gloom, but her notes seemed to make all bright. When I asked her what she was doing, she said she was singing to her dead mother, "I know it, I know it." said she, "I know it by the way the echo comes back."

And I said perhaps after all, love carries the echoes back as faith ferries them over.

Two great armies—the living and the dead—one on either side of the river; the departed calling for volunteers and the living enlisting and crossing over.

## THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

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Away, away to the Island of Dreams  
In the sea of night, where the starlight gleams;  
There hope ever reigns eternal, supreme,  
Though only the hope of a fanciful dream.

In the Island of Dreams there are no tears,  
And age never comes, though thousands of years  
Should come and go while you dwell on the shore,  
The heart would be young while waiting for more.

In the Island of Dreams love is the king,  
On the mystic throne, that he may bring  
The hope of the heart, sought fondly so long,  
And tune the sad soul for a dreamland song.

In the Island of Dreams the heart is pure,  
As flowers that bloom on the twilight shore,  
Tempest and temper, of the distant past,  
Will there give the soul a respite at last.

In the Island of Dreams again we meet  
The long lost ones, whose wandering feet  
Have reached the distant, enchanted strand,  
And the peace and rest of a dreamlit land.

In the Island of Dreams our sweethearts wait  
As they did of old at the garden gate,  
And lips will then touch as they touch in dreams,  
And joy be as real and sweet as it seems.

In the Island of Dreams I have a friend  
Who comes every night when slumbers will lend  
The aid of a vision to sleepy eyes,  
And brings me a message from paradise.

Away to the Island of Dreams I'll go,  
Out on the shadows, now darkly that flow,  
Mingling in silence with the golden beams  
Fading so faint to the Island of Dreams.

J. A. HOUSER, M. D.

Indianapolis, 1898.



## THE STORM.

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ONE time, when I was a boy, a very forcible lesson was impressed upon me in a very common but frightful way. In those early days I loved the sport of fishing more than anything else I had an opportunity to enjoy, and to indulge this inborn propensity, I was so wicked as to utilize even the Sabbath day when I had an opportunity to do so, when I had a chance of running off and escaping the vigilance of my good, reverend father, who, on those days preached. We were both fishermen you see; he in the pulpit and I in the water.

Near my home there was a bright, little brook, that in nearing the river it entered, made a bold leap of many feet over a perpendicular wall of limestone, down into a sparkling pool that boiled and foamed, seethed and writhed like a diminutive Niagara, and from this cascade on to the river, a distance of perhaps six hundred feet, were perpendicular, rocky walls, broken, craggy, jagged and uneven, here and there lined with cedars whose roots had penetrated the crevices in the rocks, hunting barren soil like a starved peasant.

These cedars hung like green veils over an ever-frowning face, wild vines—the creeper, the honey-suckle, the poison-oak, the wild morning-glory and the wild grape vines—formed a lovely drapery that hung from cedar to cedar, from rock to rock. Below was an efflorescent glory of wild roses, touch-me-nots and all the native blossoms that seemed to have marched up in that alcove and camped, saying, “This is Eden, this is our paradise.” There I used to sit and fish, and muse and dream, and wonder what I was in this world for—a question I have not yet solved.

When the sun shone down in that alcove, a little rainbow bent over the pool. Hope smiling over grief.

Oh happy, sad hours! delightful misery;  
Kisses and tears—such is childhood.

In one place in this rocky wall, there was a great rent as if an earthquake had upheaved, as it did long years ago, and broke that old ocean floor, the limestone rock; this left an alcove, with an opening from the surface down to the bottom of the cavern, but not vertical, for rocks jutted out here and there, and made it a crooked and uncertain way, and, perhaps, a hundred years before I used to fish there, an old brown squirrel let an acorn fall that he had gathered from a bough; it tumbled down to the bottom of that cavern and the

brook rose and washed a little soil over it ; life swelled out its coffin lid ; the acorn burst the narrow bounds that nature had given it, and went to the wider arms that nature held out for it. It grew. Like all life, it started up toward the light, as all life does, but found, just above it, a frowning rock with the light bending around its rough, black face. Following the light, like a timid child obeying the call of an unseen mother, it bent its little twigs and conformed to the curve, with seeming new hope, started again toward the bright face of its fair enchantress, but another rock was there and again it was doomed to turn aside ; again it rose but met the same obstacles it had encountered before, a rock, a crooked cavity, but its only way to light. Thus it bent and distorted its form until it was a vegetable monstrosity of rugged but magnificent beauty. Finally rising above the last rock, and above the surface of soil, it spread out a canvas of leaves, and was truly the glory of the woodland.

I used to walk into that cavern and sit down at the root of that old oak tree, look at its deformed body, and contemplate what a struggle it had to get to the light, and I would say : "old oak, though you are a great tree and I am a little boy, we are twins ;" and many times I would pat its old moss-covered bark and kiss it, just as a child would, and many a

sleep I have had leaning against its great roots.

One Sunday afternoon, as usual, I found myself fishing in the little pool. I had run off from home, stolen my fish-hook, line and rod, and come there to have a little amusement and break the Sabbath, for which I expected to get a licking, that my good father thought was "according to scripture." I used to notice, however, that I did not get licked quite so hard when I came up with a nice string of fish as when I caught none.

This Sunday evening they had been biting well, and my joy was great as I would land a speckled chub, that had a mouth large enough to swallow one twice his size, or a little rainbow-tinted sun-fish that seemed to be a dolphin but two inches long. This pleasure came to an abrupt close that evening, but left a remembrance the sweep of years cannot efface. I heard a prolonged roll of reverberating thunder coming from the west, the earth trembled, crags shook, the evergreen boughs swayed like pendulums, and I said: "Behold, nature's power is abroad to-night."

I gathered up my fish quickly together, and kindly putting the little worms I had not used into some soft soil, wrapping the line around the rod I carefully hid my fishing tackle away, so, if the world did not come to an end, I could

fish again the next Sunday ; hurried up the cliffs over a winding, circuitous path, worn smooth by mountain goats in long past years. Reaching the top I looked to the west and was transfixed with fear, trembled with terror, I saw the glory of power, the awfulness of destruction. In the west, dark, convoluted clouds threw their black heads far up the sky and spread their night-like wings from north to south, like a great, satanic vampire whose bosom flamed with fire and whose voice made the earth tremble.

Now this monster would seem to burn with an indescribable flame from his bosom clear out to the ends of his wings, then all was black as Plutos kingdom, then again all would burst into a fierce and awful glare that was blinding. Thunder burst forth, crash of heaven's artillery, and rolled away, far and wide, and all was still, all was black, then all was fire, and all was sound. On came the storm. The trees swayed to and fro like a ship rolling on the billows ; great drops of rain fell here and there, like the first shots of a battle. In the west the roar deepened and became still more terrible. Now the storm swerved through forests, and the giants groaned and fell. The habitation of men crushed like eggshells. The black wings grew higher, the fiery bosom grew greater, and the storm, with

all of its indescribable terror burst upon me.

I ran down the little path again, crawled into the alcove, and laid down at the root of the old, gnarled, oak tree, breathless with fright. The cavern was filled with fire and bursting thunder, that leaped from crag to crag in the supreme majesty of destruction. Every dark stone blazed like a sapphire. Then all was black as Egyptian darkness. I said : "This is the end of the world," I cowered down and hid my face in the dust ; I prayed and I said : "O ! Thou, who canst control the storm, in whose hands the lightnings are held, have mercy on a defenseless child."

The storm grew. I heard the trees crash and fall : the rocks dropped from their resting places. I sighed and cried. The storm passed by and went far across the river and over the distant hills, and seemed to call back in a soft echo, 'Peace, peace, be still.' The voice was as gentle as pity, like a mother singing a babe to sleep, and I soon was lost in slumber ; gentle dreams did come, and the thunder was soothed and softened, and the storm was but the breath of peace, and all seemed like the laughter of merry children. I slept till morning when I awoke and looked out, the golden rays of another sun had flooded all the dell and kissed every flower. The drops of rain, diamonds, the thunder had shaken off of the



fingers of the clouds, were caught and became bright tears on the cheeks of roses, trembled like kisses on the lips of the touch-me-nots, and all seemed to say, "we are full of life and love this morning."

I crawled out and looked all around and thought the end of the world had passed, and yet the world was. I went to the top of the hill again and looked about me. All was destruction, all was death. The old beech tree where the brown squirrels played was prone upon the earth and shattered, the strong oak was in splinters, and the hickory, where I gathered nuts in brown October woods was no more, and I cried over my old friends—the forest trees—for every tree on that hillside was crushed, broken, fallen, not one remained.

But the gnarly, crooked, old oak, that grew up from the cavern and bent so many times to reach the light, stood holding its canvas of leaves to the sunlight, and not one bough was broken. And I said: "Old oak, we are twins, as you have leaned upon the rocks you had to pass in getting up to the light, and they have saved you from falling before the storm, I trust the trials and cares of childhood will serve me equally as well, when the tempest of maturer years has beaten upon me."

I have observed that men in the human forest, are much like trees in the woods. Some-

times the crooked ones, bent and stunted by opposition for awhile, become the great and the strong, and withstand the storms that sweep the children of ease and comfort away. It is not uncommon for the rich man's son to become the pauper, and the poor boy the millionaire.

The shocks of the conflict call forth the grandeur of the soul; while it breaks the weaker ones, the stronger ones stand. After all, there are no heroes before the battle, no martyrs without a stake, no virtue without temptation. It was only the cross that made Christ glorious.

Most blessings come in disguise. If the winds and the waves of the ocean had not broken the weaker vessels, stronger ones would not have been built. The frosts of winter call for better houses. The pinch of ignorance asks for intelligence. Thus all along the way through life, each hurt brings a soothing hour, every tear calls for a gentle touch, a sigh is echoed as sympathy.

## A WOMAN'S HEART.

Through sunshine, storm or snow,  
Where sorrows fall like rain,  
Or laughter ripples like crystal brooks,  
In emerald sunkissed fields;

Through youth's bright, flower-decked dream,  
Or life's full womanhood of cares,  
Or bent beneath the weight of wrinkled years,  
A chattering crone,  
Keep, thou, a woman's heart.

It will guide thee through starless nights  
Safely to the blessed dawn;  
Will find a path in desert wild,  
Give thy weary head a pillow,  
Thy bosom peace.

## THE TRINITY.

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Oh, Hope! thou blessed rainbow,  
From the tears of grief,  
Bend o'er our shadowed lives  
And make our sorrows brief.

Oh, Human Love! how blest thou art!  
A sunbeam though life's darkest gloom.  
That melts the snow around man's heart,  
And makes its sweetest roses bloom.

Oh, Faith! matchless power, sublime,  
To reach to earth's lowest clod  
And bear the frailest of all time,  
Up with hope and love, to God.

## APPRECIATION.

---

THE want of appreciation on the part of a companion will rankle deep in the heart, and cause a like regret of bitterness and possibly hate in a more lasting degree, than almost anything else that enters the household. Some persons are so afraid of flattery that they can scarcely speak a good word or praise any one for the noblest act. No higher evidence of an unselfish mind is found than in the appreciation of nobility in others. Only the base are blind to virtues, only the mean are jealous of merit, only the stupid are ignorant of this social duty. When the wife has done her full duty as a housekeeper, is she not worthy of some praise? Doesn't she naturally expect it? Isn't withholding it an insult?

To expect appreciation is but a just demand for a just reward.

If one companion has any particular talent, nothing is more natural than they should first expect an acknowledgement of that surrounding their own firesides, and yet, strange as it is, that is sometimes the last place it is discovered.

The world sometimes learns that a man is

great long before the mouths that have been fed by his genius learn that he is anything more than a common beast of burden, that goes into the wilderness and fetches back grapes, or loads them upon his back and carries them through the jungles out of the reach of the tigers.

They measure him only by the amount of money he makes, and when his genius goes out in death, or old age, or disease, or from over-work—like some bright star goes behind a cloud—the first pang of misery that touches the selfish hearts, is the fear that they may now suffer want.

I once knew a woman who had a divine voice, as well as a most patient, agreeable nature—a genius in song, a saint in goodness. Her husband never discovered that, and when somebody else did, and her heart naturally went where it was wanted, he learned when it was too late, that legal ceremonies do not tie hearts. The price of love, like liberty, is eternal vigilance.

The true husband, the true wife will always be the first to praise every noble deed, every good thought, every commendable act of the companion.

Men, as a class, do not appreciate women, while women generally over-estimate men, yet the reverse is often true. Men fail to appre-



ciate women first, because woman's nature is too fine and sensitive to be fully understood by a nature like men often possess—unrefined, coarse, and not unfrequently brutal. The uncultured do not admire and appreciate the arts and sciences, the painting, the sculpture, the poem, the music—all have beauties that the refined, educated senses only can see, hear and enjoy. The polished woman is all of this. She is a statue of grace, a painting of beauty, her life is the poetry of kindness, a song of peace. What the fountain is to the desert, woman is to this world. The pure stream of her love refreshes and revives and makes joyous all life. It floods with flowers and bathes with balm the melancholy waste of blighted hope; it gives to the storm-wrecked sky of ambition the blessed rainbow of promise and twilight of repose; it lights up the horizon of sadness with the dawn of peace, and gives to the midnight of doubt the noontide sun of faith.

Her love can not always last here, but the passionate longing for its solace hereafter, inspires to the noblest, manly life, that closes in triumphant death, serene and sweet as the sleep of baby pillowed to dreams on mother's breast.

To fully understand and appreciate such a nature a man must have a refined, cultivated

nature himself; no other nature will find any harmonious mingling of spirit with woman, and no other nature can fascinate her, gain her admiration, and hold the choicest place in her affection, and bring out all the beauties of her exquisite and mysterious being.

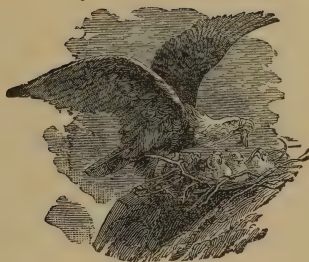
The noblest life is directed by the purest motives.

The most lovable creature is the one most attentive to the little acts of kindness. These make up the sum of woman's life, and it is these that she expects returned, or at least thanked for. In the reciprocation of the gentle little acts men are sadly deficient. Even the most gallant gentleman is often wanting in his attention to his wife, or daughter, forgetting that they are always pleased with a smile from him, or a thank for the almost ceaseless effort to increase his pleasure.

How often, sadly often, we see a grand heroine striving against the inevitable fiat of fate, and endeavoring to succeed in that most disagreeable of all tasks that her sex undertakes to accomplish, and one of the most hopeless and the most thankless, to love an unlovable man, and day after day shower upon him her sweetest smiles, her kindest words, her gentlest affection; this she repeats for year after year, until her hair is gray, cheek faded and forehead wrinkled; though her kindness

has as utterly failed to soften his calloused heart as the dews of heaven have to melt the rock, still she returns to the thankless task with a patience and devotion exemplified in no other sphere in human life.

To love and be loved is a woman's highest earthly ambition, and to gain the object of that affection consummates her soul's desire.



## REST

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'Tis sweet to rest when day is done,  
And all the cares are ended,  
And shadows long from the sinking sun  
With twilight softly blended,  
It must be sweet to rest.

It must be sweet to anchor fast  
To some fair, sun-kissed isle,  
When storms are o'er, tempest past,  
That tossed our ships and tore our sail  
It must be sweet to rest,

## CONTENTMENT.

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IT is not what we have that makes us happy, but the satisfaction with which we enjoy it.

Contentment in a hovel will yield more real pleasure than dissatisfaction in a palace. The following fable illustrates this :

Once upon a time, it is said, a Wallachian prince lay sick, nigh unto death. All the charm-doctors and medical men and sooth-sayers and astrologers and necromancers were called from far and near to minister unto the afflicted man. As usual, in such cases, the more doctors the sicker he got, and hope faded out amid their incantations and vorgies, and there was no chance left for his recovery.

Finally, one self-styled philosopher, after much meditation and the evolving of great wisdom through his brain, hit upon a new and original prescription, and revealed the wisdom of his meditation unto his master, the prince, and said, "Behold my most excellent master and glorious prince of Wallachia, it has pleased the divinities to impart unto me knowledge, the observation of which will save my country's most beloved ruler ; and if I

offend not your majesty's supreme highness I will reveal my secret unto you."

The prince gasped with a faint gleam of hope, and whispered to the last of his medical advisors to give his prescription. The medical man struck his most imposing attitude, and donned the wisest and gravest look he had command of and said: "Most beloved prince, and ruler of Wallachia, the divinities in their great desire to save our benefactor and my gracious master, have directed me to say unto you that the only means of cure your highness can find is this—send thy servant, even me, abroad into thy great country, that he may find a man who is entirely contented with life, who hath all the world's goods his heart doth pray for, and who has all the glory his vanity desires; who is satisfied with his home, his friends, his country, in short, most gracious master, a man who is content, nor wants more of good nor less of ill, and his shirt thy servant will bring unto thee; thou wilt wear that and be restored to health, even that same day."

The suffering prince bowed assent, and thanked the wise medical man, and directed him to go forth and find the contented man and fetch his shirt to the palace. The servant went forth to inquire first, of the officers of state if they were content, expecting to find the



great personages satisfied, but he found there, as he would in all other countries, the great, with their greater responsibilities, are further from joys than the lowly with their lesser cares.

As the first agent did not succeed in finding the contented man, more were added to the task. Some were sent to the east and others to the west did go; to the north some directed their steps and the faces of others were turned toward the South; and they came and went and came, and passed through all the highways and all the by-ways of Wallachia, and they crossed the border of their own country and went into many other countries, and they went into Roumania, and they went into Maldivid and Bulgaria, and they went into Turkey, and through Greece and Egypt and islands of the seas. And when they did ask each if he was satisfied, the great would say, he wanted another title or higher office; and the wealthy had set their greedy hearts upon more gold or more land; and the generals wanted more fame written in the red blood of their fellow-men; and the humbler did but want a few more sheep or a few more goats, and none did they find that were satisfied; none did they find that were happy. Each discouraged, hope all gone, sadly turned his face home toward his dying prince, and as the

many envoys arrived, one after another, and sad did their gloomy stories tell: "Behold, my gracious master, thy unworthy servant can find no happy man and no shirt could he bring." All had returned but the physician who prescribed the shirt, and he, after weeks of weary wandering, was slowly and sadly treading his homeward way along the banks of the Danube, afraid to return without the desired garment, afraid to stay and seek it.

One afternoon as he was nearing the end of his journey, the sun looking through the mists of autumn, tarrying before twilight veiled his face, the wise physician heard the doleful wail of a bag-pipe, and looking, hard-by the river side, he saw a peasant wan and gray and ragged, sitting upon a rock; near by rested some lazy sheep, and his faithful dog was at his feet, and thus to the sheep and dog he played the instrument, oblivious to everything about him, and to the approaching stranger. When the wise physician lifted up his countenance and looked upon him as he drew near, he gave him the salutation of the east and said: "Behold, stranger, I have traversed all lands, through all climates and crossed all seas to find a happy man whose shirt might save my master's life. Much misery have I found, little joy have I seen, but of all my eyes have beheld, thou lookest most miserable."

Slowly laying his bag-pipe down, the shepherd gazed upon the physician with an air of supreme rest, and said: "Thou art mistaken stranger; no man can tell the peace of the heart from the looks of the clothes. Of all men thou hast ever seen, your servant the shepherd, the piper is the happiest."

The physician surprised, even to being almost shocked, scanned him a moment with his eyes and said: "Art thou mad? Can'st thou be happy with a dog, some sheep, and a bag-pipe that may not be thine own?"

The piper smiled, and replied: "I am happy, I have all I want on earth. First, I have my bagpipe. It charms the weary hours that hang heavy on the creaking wheels of time; my faithful dog is by my side, a friend I can trust; my gentle sheep graze hard by, to yield us clothes for winter hours, so these possessions are all my soul does wish. In yonder hut, most gracious stranger, dwells my dark-eyed wife; there play my dear children, I have them to love, for them to care. I have all on earth I want. Look at me and behold a man who is content."

As the shepherd attempted to raise his bagpipe again to play, the physician besought him and said: "Behold, most blessed shepherd, I beseech thee quickly, give me thy shirt

that I may take it to my master, the prince, that he may wear it and live."

With a kind smile the peasant replied: "A shirt? a shirt? bless you my friend, I never have been able to buy a shirt?"

The physician paused a moment and said: "How can you be so happy with so little."

The peasant replied: "Though I have but little of this world's goods, I am rich in contentment; I am satisfied with what I have."

The physician returned and revealed all this to the prince of Wallachia, who heard it with patient ear and said: "My most faithful servant, though your efforts have not healed me, they have done more, they have taught me to be satisfied, and I am: I yield to my fate and complain not."

"Contentment with approaching death, is better than to always live dissatisfied."

## SHOP GIRLS.

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AS this country grows older, as commerce and trade increase, and household expenses correspondingly increase, not in the one article, but in the multiplicity of articles needed now, that were unknown in the past, the father of the family finds that his limited income from his daily avocation, if he be a wage earner, is not sufficient to supply the many wants of a large family of boys and girls, and the inborn instincts of independence in the mind of the American girl very early suggests the idea of caring for herself. The shop-door swings open, the clerk-ship, or some similar calling, invites her to take a position at limited wages and ill health, but it lessens the burden of her father, this, though it brings her wages, places a bar between her and pleasure. It deprives her of many leisure hours, of many social hours, and, finally, a pale face, hectic fever and a cough. She has made a living for herself on the edge of the grave. She chooses the best in view for her, though that best is a mongrel social and financial monster, whose towering and awful visage rises over hundreds of thousands of homes with appalling and ter-

rible demand to bow down to him. She bows because she cannot fly, she yields because she cannot struggle, she works because she cannot starve. It is the choice of compulsion.

Of course the idea of marriage enters her mind many times, as it does the mind of every girl, as it should enter her mind, as it should be the serious study of every girl, but when she looks about to cast her eye on some suitable person, she finds the matrimonial stream full to overflowing of worthless, dead fish, the great majority of whom are not worth catching.

Of the 7,000,000 of unmarried men in the United States, men of marriageable age, she learns this almost appalling fact. The great majority of them are edicted to habits, that, if carried into the household, would rob home of its sunlight, give it tears and rags. Smoking, drinking, gambling and dissipation is the daily thought and nightly practice of a large majority of these men. Out of 3,000 men at a Sunday resort of a low character, 2,600 were single men. By actual count, in a large city recently, 257 men entered one saloon in one hour on Sunday and all but 52 were single men.

She observes next that only a limited number of the young men are laying by a dollar for a "rainy day." They have no ideas of economy, they save nothing, they are young paupers



The high ambition, the manly course, the fixedness of purpose upon a useful and honorable career, she will find sadly absent in the minds of the young men whose acquaintance she may make. After a little thought she is convinced that marriage to one of the average of the class she meets, would give her no safe promise for support and a home, and without the assurance of home, marriage is but a mockery.

Children without a home in this country are the heathenism of civilization.

If she is a girl who thinks, she sees the end from the beginning ; she knows the uncertainty of reforming a man who has devoted his earlier years to dissipation. A bad man may possibly reform, a lazy one never. He has planted seed in fruitful soil, and when old he will harvest a hundred-fold of poverty, saying nothing about a broken constitution and benighted intellect. If she reflects—and this girls do more than boys—she knows the building of character is the work of a life-time, but earlier and middle years must so far advance this temple, that mature manhood in life's afternoon will see it so far completed that it will be the habitation of the builder.

Our lives are pictures we are painting for the art gallery of the future. Let us wield well the brush, that we leave no ugly spots to mar the

peace of those in whose temple they must hang.

If she thinks well, her judgment must precede her affection, so she decides as she is forced to decide, she chooses as she is compelled to choose, and passes from the natural condition of a girl at home, to the unnatural condition of a girl in a shop. The conditions and surroundings of the shop are fitted to men, and are such as to call forth that business-like mode of thought that is masculine, having developed and been built up from masculine thought and feeling for hundreds of years, with its rigidity, with its absolute absence of sentiment, void of any touch of gentleness, a grinding between the upper and nether millstone, called a system of business. It shuts out poetry, it turns music into the bills payable and receivable, and makes the love of a young girl's heart like the dry weeds from last year's field. Under these surroundings the glow and light of home fade into the shadow and dust of merchandise, and after a few years of this life to change to the affairs of the household, the responsibilities of wife and burdens of maternity, are not only unnatural, but, to many, absolutely revolting.

Women, like plants, grow and develop according to the soil and light they are in. The business woman by a train of thought and action in one direction, becomes prepared and

fitted for that. She knows how to do all that is required of her in that direction, and as that in no way cultivates the sympathies and feminine characteristics, tastes and idealism of womanhood, we find her at thirty largely destitute of them.

What men expect in marrying they do not receive with such a woman. She is too business like, she lacks gentleness; the affairs of household and domestic life find no sympathy in her nature.

Morally she is good and chaste, mentally she is bright, frequently keen and shrewd, physically she is often a wreck, domestically, she is a blank.

In marrying men seek a nature and disposition that is unlike their own. They seek the feminine, they seek the gentle, they seek the confiding, they seek the yielding. In a long business course of life the woman loses these qualities that the man seeks and expects.

Our present system of business that calls woman into it, is filling the world with female masculines, in skirts.

A proper regime would ever make a distinctive line of demarkation between the calling of the sexes; it would leave all natural, as nature has done for them, in all that is male or female life.

Girls should be educated at home and in

school with an eye single to preparing them for domestic life, imbuing them with the idea that the glory and grandeur of womanhood reaches its highest point as wife and mother, beyond which no woman will ever pass; before which all other achievements are nothing.

The boy should be educated at home and in school to the belief that the supreme glory of manhood is bodied forth as husband and father.

The Charlotte Cordays, the Madam Rolands, the Joans of Arc have left names for genius, courage and fidelity, but when placed side by side with the patient mothers of France, their names lose the halo and their lives the glory.

Rachel weeping for her children who "were not" has sent a pathetic reverberation through all the world, for all time.

Napoleon crossing the Alps, Wellington at Waterloo, or Alexander in Egypt, left the world no blessing like that of the patient, loving father who took his little children in his arms and led their feet into the paths of peace.

The education for the girl should be broad, liberal and generous, leaving out the weak superstition and child-like twaddle that so crowded the past. Let her be treated like a rational, adult human being, who is capable of

thinking for herself as she has proven to be capable of taking care of herself and providing for herself even in an unnatural position. Let her education embrace literature, art and philosophy and teach her that her home is to be the arena, the pantheon, the temple where all ideas of all ages shall meet and the better part of all live in her children.

She, who embellishes her home with a well-stored mind, brings a dower to her husband that the daughter of Nicodemus could not have ; but she who carries to her household the devoted love and spotless life of womanhood, carries the richest treasure of heaven to the humblest home of earth.

To aid thus in developing the minds of boys and girls to this home idea, home must furnish the food their hungry souls crave—amusement, art, literature, music. The social, moral and intellectual must all be strong at home, and every evening be an evening of entertainment ; this would call many back from the saloon and club-house, from the street and from the dive.

Interest in national affairs should not be left out in educating girls. Their welfare is at stake even more than that of man in the legislation of the country, and this interest they can have and not be unwomanly ; it embraces a thought and interest in relation to their homes.

I used to think, and have so expressed my

thoughts in a former book, that the political affairs of this country should rest solely in the hands of men, but passing years and a large range of observation upon our domestic and political conditions have changed these views somewhat.

There is a large number of the better class of men who are not taking any considerable interest in the politics of the country, and a large class of men of the opposite character who are devoting most of their time to that same subject. To bring the better class of Americans directly into the political arena, is the hope of our country, and to accomplish this best, I see no other way than to invite every woman in the United States to express her opinion at the ballot-box.

One of the foundation stones of this government is no taxation without representation. Since woman must pay tax she has a just claim for representation. It can not be justly said that women's husbands always represent them. There are a large number of men who represent nothing, not even themselves. The widow, though taxed, has no representation. Our government in the past has magnanimously put the ballot into the hands of the black man, fresh and ignorant from the bonds of slavery, and said, this is his protection from ever returning to other bonds. It



gives the ballot to every foreigner who comes to our soil. Though he may be brutal and ignorant, fresh from a European prison, this franchise clothes him with the dignity of citizenship. It makes him a child of the great republic. It gives him a home under the stars and the stripes. Until this great country does the same thing for the devoted wives and mothers, those on whose bosoms the children sleep and by whose hands they are fed, those who have ever been on the side of morality and patriotism and all that was best for this country, it will have failed to perform its highest duty to the best half of its citizens.

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#### BEAUTY.

One of the most unfortunate things a girl can possess is a beautiful face. It brings her but little pleasure, and frequently many tears.

He who marries it will be divorced by gray hairs and wrinkles.

A beautiful face attracts frequently, when the mind is incapable of retaining the admiration.

The possessors of beautiful faces are inclined to depend upon them too much. Their charms excite flattery, increase vanity; that always carries a weakness.

I cannot say that I ever saw a beautiful woman who was happy. I have seen many

beautifully miserable. There is no real beauty but of mind, the beauty of soul. The soul never gets old ; it is the supreme immortality of the ideal that age never brings it a wrinkle : sorrow fetches it no tears. It stands upon the Shinar plains of the vast extent of its sublime realization, and about it the tides all time surge in vain.

A strong back, a good constitution and a good heart is better than all the pretty faces.



## SEEK AND FIND.

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IN the world's wild flight for gold all feeling but that of avarice is so blunted and benumbed that society, were it not for Christian kindness, would rub and grate as harshly together as the ice gorge driven through the narrowest defile of the river by the rushing torrent of the rising flood, and be not more pleasant in its downward sweep. This age, above all others, it seems to me, is given to indifference to all things that do not tend to the present needs of selfish nature, and this is true alike in politics, religion and domestic affairs. The golden future is traded for the lurid gleam of the present. Priceless inheritance exchanged for a mess of pottage. Immortality lost for "business."

Whether this state of affairs is a necessity of the "survival of the fittest," or a natural sequence arising from the crowded condition of the world and the increased needs that mankind feels the pressing of, or has sprung up in the human mind as an exotic, nourished by the feverish and immature condition of thought and meditation, that will always be the companions of people that blindly strive for

the necessities of today, regardless of the essentials of the future. It will not be my province here to say, as it is rather the condition than the cause of which I speak. However when a government is not based upon the philosophy of man's needs, physically, morally and intellectually, an inharmonious condition must ensue, with luxury and poverty as neighbors, disdain and jealousy as travelers on the same way. The grief of misery and the smiles of pleasure, the sighs of sorrow and the laugh of joy in strange incongruity and heterogeneously mixed, all seem false and out of place. While law aids injustice, greed and power to take advantage of weakness and honesty, this unpleasant picture will be always before our eyes and murmurs of discontent in our ears.

The unthoughtful, unreasonable, who cannot see beneath the surface of society or state, are inclined to grumble, first at the Deity and then declare there is no God or else He would not permit this inequality and wrong.

The poor, half-fed, half-clad sewing girl, that hurries to church, shivering from the cold that pierces her frayed-out shawl, and sits by the splendidly attired daughter of wealth, whose jewels shed a glitter of light upon the rags of want, but who has no kind smile for the child of toil, is no living witness for the

Master. While surveying her haughty neighbor the poor girl is much more inclined to doubt religion than to see beneath the veil the cold and austere hypocrisy of vanity and pride—the children of ignorance.

So with the unfortunate laborer, who toiling hard, yet fails to support his family, walks the street with a heart full of anguish, and, in the shadow of palaces, wrapped in strains of pleasure's music, sees and hears a deep wrong echoed back from the memory of his own hovel and the want of his children, and in his grief turns to curse man and deny God.

Our reason is so often governed by our prejudice and passion that true philosophy is a rare companion.

He who would be wise and have a correct understanding about the unseen must seek to know unceasingly, and with no motive save that which blesses all others first, and is himself, at last, blessed through their blessing.

If we would know God, if we would know there is a God, we must seek that knowledge first in fields where His hands have sown in the unhidden furrows, and then trace the faintly fading glow and follow the waning echo out to stronger light and deeper sound, and God will soon be everywhere.

A mind can only understand what it is pre-

pared to know—more than this it will never comprehend.

The minds of seekers after evidence of the Supreme Creator must first be filled with the supreme longing for what they seek. So let us now say “I seek to find nature’s hidden and only secret—life—God.”

Here we take some dead and inert matter and it is transformed to a peculiar condition called living matter. It was crystalized, now it is vitalized, now its structures are changed and its atoms are clustered around a speck we call a nucleus and nucleolous, a speck in a cell, a little sack; we open the sack and find matter still, but that which animated it is not there; that something which has withdrawn is soul, life, spirit, a spark from God’s universal fire that gleamed a little while from its little furnace that nature gave, then left the furnace to molder back into the world of matter about it; but the spark passes back to the vast domain of spirit, brighter from having lent a glow to dead matter, and remains in its spirit home till the course of time and demands of fixed laws call it again to take its place in the world of matter, and shed its lustre again on lifeless atoms and animate them and mold them into new and varied forms of life.

Matter is the pedestal spirit stands upon, is the robe it wears in the union called life, is the



marble it uses to body its ideal forth in the sweet creation of all its fond dreams.

The spirit of beauty takes up some matter and kisses it and it is a rose. The spirit of strength touched matter, and Hercules slays the Numidian lion.

If there were no world of matter for spirit to touch, the forms of life we now see, and such as we are, could not be ; spirit would be but spirit. So if there were no spirit to touch matter, matter would ever remain inert—dead.

The evidence that there is a world of matter is no greater than the evidence of a world of spirit ; nay, not so much, for it is spirit that proves both. What we call matter is, after all, only a house where spirit dwells, or a tomb where spirit sleeps ; matter is but a spirit of a cruder form, waiting to be evolved, raised higher, to a finer state, to the sublime consciousness of being ; nor will the work of creation be done till all matter becomes spirit and loses its selfish self in the vast and infinite eternity of spiritual harmony. sympathy and peace ; then will “death be swallowed up in victory.”

All things proclaim this ceaseless progress. The common coarse brick and the finest china-ware are made from the same kind of clay, but that of which the chinaware is formed is refined by ages and the work of refining in nature’s laboratory has but begun.

This beautiful, bright world upon which we live was once a ball of fire, wrapped in the storms of heat where all was death. Spirit put out the flames, calmed the fierce storm, breathed upon the heated ball, threw a robe of leaves over the stooping hills and spread a mantle of flowers on the bosom of the valley, gemmed the coral halls of the deep with pearls and filled the air with songs of life ; sent the brook murmuring on its endless journey, and the cloud to its measureless course. It opened the eyes of the violets, and the lilies, and the buttercups, and told them to bloom as a remembrance of the balm-breathing gardens of God. Where all was death, spirit came and threw its life arms about the world and all became an illimitable forest of matchless beauty, where every leaf breathes joys ineffable. Seeing all this about us, the soul asks whence it all came, and the eloquent lips of nature whisper that one, all infinite name, "God."

## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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WHILE modern civilization has developed the mental temperament, the nervous system and the mental powers, it has not infrequently neglected the development of the physical powers and the vital temperament, this is especially true in regard to women.

If any student of human nature should make a visit to a female college, or see a company of fashionable and cultivated young ladies, a little observation would convince him of the fact that they were greatly in need of vitality, that they lacked development of the organs of the trunk. Removing what art had supplied, to make up a bust, the flat and sunken chest would show a sad want of lung capacity, and indicate that common and every day weakness that is the shadow of the household, but the sunlight of the doctor. Further observation would show a small and delicate waist, may be naturally so, may have been made so by the incorrect idea the possessor has of beauty which led her to distort her form, ruin her health, and outrage the critical eye of any person who knows what a woman's form ought to be. He will also perceive, should he investigate further,

that this fashionable child of delicacy and disease, has small and narrow hips, flat abdomen which, though rounded out by the dressmaker, is, in the back ground, a perfect picture of "female weakness."

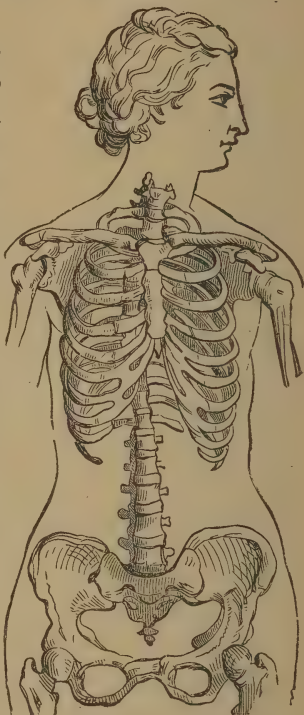
This *condition* needs to marry a man who has large patience and heavy pocket book, and if he is deaf and blind so much the better, otherwise he may soon be a subject for the insane asylum.

A woman has no more right to destroy her health and then palm herself off on a man as a help-meet, than a man has to corrupt his morals to the shame of his wife.

The only cheerful side to this sad picture is that the husband is apt to find after marriage,

an early probability of a chance to try the matrimonial lottery again, aided by the experience of a widower and a sick baby.

The weakly woman as above described, will

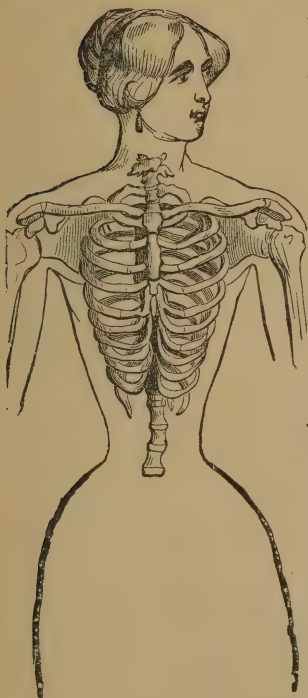


NATURAL FORM.

never be a wife ; she may be a pitiable companion and an expensive partner, but no helpmeet.

The girl should early be taught physiology, as it relates to her condition and life, and directed how to live and how to dress, so that she develop her physical powers to the highest point within the range of possibility.

It is not probable she will have more vitality than she will have need of in the long, weary journey of maternity. She must remember that life will not always be "society ;" it will not always be dressing finely and receiving company ; it will not always be arraying herself in an elegant costume and



UNNATURAL FORM.

going to the opera, returning and retiring without a care, without a burden ; it will not always be eating the bread of idleness and folding her hands in peace, beyond all this pleasant

rose-tinted morning of young womanhood, beyond this joyous love song that ripples with merry laughter and cheers with glad refrain, there is a prolonged and serious conflict of real life, but in which, if she performs her duty well, she will find more deep and lasting joys than childhood ever knew.

Life's greatest joys are only found in self-sacrifice for the lives and joys of others. Love only becomes divine when it leads toward the stake. This seems to baffle the reason of man, but is the infinite intelligence of God.

The careless joys of early life are the burning flax of vanity ; light up awhile, but soon gone. The needful care and toil of after years builds the ark of safety.

Before the girl, trudges the toiling and faithful woman, journeying to maternity and leading her children through that half open door, we call time, to the infinite that widens beyond.

There are cradles to rock, there are little heads to pillow to dreams, there are hours of anxiety, when the soul shrinks and starts again, draws back and cowers from threatening calamity or approaching death. There are moments of tears, when sorrow melts and runs over, there are moments of despondency when all the stars seem to fade out into the impenetrable darkness, in the vast waste of gloom that never fails to visit the mother at some turn



in the road. There are times when she must bend over an empty cradle, when she will go to the bureau drawer and take out a little worn-out shoe and hold it, and speechlessly gaze upon it, and feel within that silent tempest of a soul—a mother's grief—raging and lashing all her affections into sobs and tears. There are times when the little tress of golden hair taken from the tangle of sunlight that she used to brush and comb, braid and tie, becomes as a beam of light to the midnight of the soul. From all this soul-resting grief, there is a sweet, blessed conscious refrain that comes back like an echo of the child whose little bark has safely crossed the tempest-tossed sea, and calls across the foamy billows to mother, that "all is well."

From all of this she must turn daily, perhaps hourly, to the dear living, as she has remembered the blessed dead. Now she hurries quickly to the little wanderer, who, half lost in the darkness of another room calls for "mama," because he is afraid; mama is there and fear is not. A little stocking must be darned tonight, and a little pair of pants patched, and the rent in a little dress sewed before morning, for one must go to school and the other to duty. Now she hurries after the hundred duties, delightful drudgery, sweet servitude, the master serving, the slave com-

manding. All of this requires vitality and is an undertaking that the weakly, that the frail, are ill-prepared to perform.

Let us hope for a dress reform that will maintain the highest elegance in beauty and artistic taste, and, at the same time, in no way interfere with the free action of all the muscles of the body and limbs; that will in no way interfere with any internal organs as is now done.

Clothing drawn tightly about the body, especially in the early years of womanhood, interferes with respiration, digestion and circulation. It infringes upon the nervous system and effects all the functions of life, preventing the growth and development of the body.

The weakness and delicacy of many so-called fashionable women, who belong to the simple "four-hundred" have reached this deplorable condition, both in health and society, by the barbarous and worse than Chinese jugglery called fashionable dressing.

The time is ripe for a great health revival, the fruits of which would be strong bodies and sound minds. The most fashionable women would be the strongest and most healthy, most useful and most sensible. In this field will be found room for all the missionaries who have any desire to redeem the erring.

When the magic wand of health, shown in

vigorous toil, smites the desert, it blooms like a rose, and a touch from its hand wakes the sleeping life of the prairie, and the billowy waves of golden grain rise and fall like a cereal sea, wooing the waiting cycle to yield their hundred-fold and bless the toiler with peace and plenty.

When the hand of health stretches forth with its matchless power, ships cross the ocean, trains thread the land, forests fade before the woodman's stroke, and mansions rise on snow-clad hill and in flowery vale the touch of healthful toil moves mountains.

One of the world's greatest needs today is healthy women.

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### WOMAN'S FRIEND.

A man is the best friend after all, a woman will ever find in this world, and has sacrificed more for woman's love, and accomplished more that she might have a home, than for all else he has ever taken an interest in. That women and children might have a home, men have braved the tempest and crossed the ocean, that mother, in peace, might rock the cradle in the New World. They have felled the forest and turned the stubborn glebe and smitten the earth with a hand of toil to wake the golden grain, that they might have bread for home. They have fought wild beasts and wild men by day, and watched by night in the echoing valleys, or from the tops of starlit hills guarding the sacred spot of their faith and love—their home.

When the hearthstone has been threatened by invading foes, they have gone forth with the buoyant step of youth, rosy-cheeked, proud and young, and some in maturer years, with manhood's majestic bearing, and some with the weight of declining age, frost touched hair and bent form, and stood together, age and youth, a phalanx of love and patriotism, ready for suffering and death that home might still be. In the storm of battle, when the red gleam of war paints the lowering clouds with blood and flame, men have stood amid this crash, amid this awfulness, where even the courage of the gods would fail, unswerving; dauntless, divine, for love of women and children.

The deed for every home is written in blood. The title to liberty is sealed when brave men fall. The peaceful lullaby sung over the cradle is but the refrain of the cannon. The laughing children, as they romp on yonder green meadow, enjoy the sunshine of peace that bursts through the tempests of war. Every woman who enjoys the freedom and liberty of this country, should never forget that she is daily drinking these joys from a cup held to her lips by the bleeding hand of a suffering man. She repays this blessing only as a devoted woman.

Nor are men under less obligation to women for the glorious battle they fight. Though they see not the battlefield, freighted with death and flooded with the red tide of life, though they hear not the cheers of the living victors, or the groans of the dying, they have battles as hard to fight, sufferings as cruel to endure, carnage as severe to withstand, as

were ever seen at Waterloo, Yorktown or Gettysburg; battles that none but a woman would have the patience, love, fidelity and devotion sufficient to fight.

Through the weary hours of the long night by the dim lamp, we see her bend over the cradle, soothing the fretful child over whose wan face the pale flag of death is spreading. We see her during the day, hour by hour, bearing the burden of a thousand cares, uncomplaining, because she is a woman. We see her cling to, loving and serving—year in and year out—others until the bloom of her youth is faded and the beauty of her face wasted, still, she is the same faithful and devoted woman and all this that seems misery to behold is but pleasure to her.

It is the labor of love.

The grandest battles fought on earth are the conflicts the poor, weary mother has in the unknown home. The grandest victories gained on earth are gained by the tired hands and weary heart of faithful women. When these tired hands are folded, soft, to rest, when her throbbing heart is still, when her kind lips are sealed, and we lay a few flowers upon her coffin, we have done the last honor to the divinest character time has yielded back to eternity.

While the world is remembering men who led the charge of battle to break the barriers of oppression and rolled back the tide of threatening danger; while the world is remembering its sages and philosophers who have penetrated and broken through the clouds of superstition and prejudice and cleared the dawn for

a brighter day ; while the world is remembering its writers and its poets and the sparks of genius that are lost in the sky they try to penetrate, let it remember woman.

While it is building monuments and dedicating temples to such, I hope some day it will turn aside and go to the quiet cottage where it will find a hero still more worthy of its homage. There it will find its mother, and to her let it raise a monument in granite as she has in glory. Let it rise higher than any that has yet pierced the sky, and let there rest upon it that purest emblem of all that is good—the evening with its twilight, the morning with its dawn—mother and child.

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#### MANSION AND VANDAL.

Once I had a friend, near and dear to me, whom I loved as a brother, and who loved all the world, but loved not himself. This friend of mine owned, as a dwelling place, the most elegant mansion I have ever seen ; it was the acme of beauty, and grandeur of matchless perfection. About it every walk was shaded with the deep, cool foliage that hung like emerald robes from broad spreading boughs, where vines clustered and birds sang their mating songs over fountains that leaped and gleamed and glistened in the sunlight that stole between the parting leaves on swaying boughs, ever sending forth their crystal floods to shatter and fall in a myriad of sparkling drops like a shower of diamonds poured from the hand of a water nymph.

Flowers grew there in all the wild profusion



of their loveliness, and filled the balmy air with their sweet perfumed breath and exhaled a thousand bewildered charms to delight the eye, fascinate the heart or charm the soul. It was an Eden, not less lovely than where Eve first opened her innocent eyes to behold a wilderness of beauty that has ever after filled woman's heart with love.

Yonder rose the mansion in stately grandeur and in inviting ease. Every floor was tufted with soft brussels to deaden the footfall into an echo soothing with peace. Pictures adorned every wall, and looked down upon you with eyes so life-like you would turn for a last glance at lips that almost spoke, and cheeks where the tinge of life bloomed as if a heart beat beneath. Pictures, wrought by master hands long since dust; statuary moored here and there, and festoons of delicate tapestry linked all together in a circling chain of beauty. Rich volumes of choice thoughts from all ages were stored in the libraries to breathe out their inspiring soul forever to all hearts that listened. Over every window were laces, and silken curtains, scarlet and purple, to turn the sun's rays into a gloating gleam of crystalline light.

Throughout all these rooms were harps strung with Apollo's golden hair, and swept by fingers deft, the strings that murmured soft and low and sweet; lingered there these strains like the tinkling of distant bells, or the sighing of dying waves, or the twittering of some night bird, or the prayer of some pilgrim weary at the gate, then swelled to fuller notes and filled and thrilled all with the fantastic glory and ineffable joy of music.



To see this mansion was to love it and say :  
"Here soul take thy ease."

Hard by my friend's mansion lived a vandal with a "hand of blood and brow of gloom" and heart of stone. This vandal made a special business of destroying mansions like that of my friend's and used many cunning arts to aid his work. One day my friend betook himself to this vandal and said : "Vandal, I understand that you devote yourself to the destruction of our mansions, do you?"

"Yes," said the vandal, "that is my business, can I do anything for you?"

"What will you charge me to destroy my house?"

"All you have," replied the vandal.

"I have," said my friend, "much of this world's goods. I have broad acres, gold, silver, stocks and bonds."

"Then, all that," said the vandal, "will I charge you, but if you had nothing, nothing would I charge. I bring all my patrons to a common level ; no one is left above his fellow. When I finish my work all are equals, both in want and in society."

A contract was entered into between my friend and the vandal, and signed in blood, and it obligated the vandal to destroy my friend's mansion, and my friend to give the vandal all he possessed.

The vandal first cursed the trees, and their leaves withered and died and fell from their branches, and the leafless limbs all barren and bare, stretched toward a bleak sky. The birds took their flight, nor did they ever return to carol their love and their joy in woodland

song. Venemous serpents wrapped their slimy coils about the limbs and writhed and hissed and flashed out their poisonous fangs.

The vandal smited the fountains, and they dried up. The flowers drooped and perished, and, one by one, fell crisp to the parched earth to decay, and a requiem of death rose, sad and solemn, from the graves of the fair lilies, and blushing roses, and perfume-exhaling pinks, and all at the fountain was death—solemn, silent, awful.

In frenzy my friend besought the vandal to make the destruction immediate and complete. In the anguish of his soul he cried out for destruction, but the vandal said: "Be patient, friend, I will finish this work."

Then my friend prayed to be released from the contract, but the vandal laughed in derision for the contract was written in my friend's blood and was part of his life.

In the depths of sadness my friend called for the Son of the Star Beam that alone can help in man's last and worst troubles. Loudly he cried, "Help, help! Oh Son of the Star Beam, thou child of Aden, wilt thou come? Canst thou save?"

A bright light shone all about my friend, and before him stood Aden, the immortal, the wonderful, the illustrious, the kind of heart with a face radiant with beauty and glory, and in a voice sweet and soft and mild said: "Thou art sorely distressed by the vandal, and I alone can save thee, if thou wilt fully and freely trust me, me alone, and yield all to me hang upon me like starlight clings to the waves upon the lake, and have no guide but

me, and I will save thy mansion and thee."

But my friend doubted the Son of the Star Beam that he had called, and with his doubts came darkness, in the shadows Aden vanished away. While laying in a stupor my friend saw, afar off, the Aden and Adon in the center wreathed with the mellow and purple light of the Star Beams that trembled and quivered, into an indescribable labyrinth of efflorescent beauty, and from the center Aden called with persuasive voice, saying to my friend, "When thou dost call I will answer thee; I alone can save thee, but thou must have faith."

This charmed spell was broken by the vandal shattering the panes from the windows and the boards from the sides of the mansion. Within he wrought still greater destruction. Pictures were defaced, festoons torn with ruthless hands, statuary dashed to fragments on the floor, till all was wreck and ruin like Rome, when the vandals of old swarmed down upon the Eternal City.

My friend again burst forth in a most frenzied appeal to the vandal to end all quickly. "Oh " said he, "vandal I beseech thee, on my knees I beg thee, in the anguish of my heart I implore thee, make the destruction complete. I am wild, I am distracted; take all I have, but let me go."

"Be patient," said the vandal calm and unmoved, "thou wilt soon be free. Give me thy last gold, surrender thy remaining farm; let me see that thy hands are empty, and lastly, yield up all thy manly pride, and all thy honor and too, thou must here part with thy love for wife and child, and even reverence for the

gray hairs of thy aged mother's head. I destroy and filch from thee everything save misery and thy shame and poverty, all else I take. Dost thou give all?"

"All," sobbed my friend: "If thou, oh vandal, oh demon, devil, will but let me go."

And all he yielded up. The vandal applied the torch of hell, the crackling flames crept up the walls, the dark convoluted clouds of smoke rolled black and grim toward Aden and the son of the Star Beam. Devils came and shrieked, and laughed, and groaned at my poor friend's agony. Chains rattled, imps howled, and all the pandemonium of hell turned loose.

My friend, leaving his mansion said: "Now I see all, I know all now; the mist has cleared away, the mansion with all its beauty is my body, the temple God made for the soul to live in till he called it back to Himself, and the vandal is the rum-seller. He destroyed my body and took all I had, and sends my bankrupt soul hence in darkness and blackness forever.

"Oh Aden, thou Son of the Star Beam, a last time I call thee, thou art I now know, Faith. Oh Aden! Oh Faith! come back from the Eden of love and save me or I perish."

And a bright light again shone about him and the loved Aden came and folded him in his arms of love and bore him up and up to the paradise of God.

Rum may destroy the body, but faith saves the soul.

## PASSING AWAY.

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BY actual count, it is ascertained in both New York and Chicago and perhaps the same obtains in all large cities, the people who live in the slums, those whom we call the lowest order, give birth to five times as many children for their number as the most aristocratic and wealthy. The criminal classes especially have always been prolific in this respect. The explanation for that is two-fold.

The animal nature with such people is exceedingly strong. All the passions and appetites belonging to the lower order of life are great with such, and the moral sensibilities correspondingly weak. The tendencies to indulge all appetites having entire control of the being, the moral sense is too weak to have any great influence—such living purely animal lives.

Such men and women do not take into account their surroundings and the conditions that will surround their children; their offspring are born and cast into the world as little pigs or puppies, on a bunch of straw or the floor.

Desolation planting her famished brood!

The foreign contingent in the slums, is, if possible, more careless and less feeling than the native element, and we find in New York and Chicago the vomit from the prisons and alms-houses of Europe, propagating idiots and vampires in the tenement, dens and the

gloomy cellars, from which arise the growl of Atheism and the curse of anarchy—the nation's most dangerous enemies.

In the mansions on the most aristocratic streets will be found but few children, often none. The most refined and intellectual ladies are frequently childless; many of them are barren.

But right here a strange, novel and not altogether pleasant fact presents itself to the student of science and observer of our race. As the human family progresses in moral and intellectual development the sexual nature grows less, and fewer children are born.

This process is going on continually, as the spiritual is gaining power over the physical, as the soul more and more lays aside the swaddling clothes of the flesh, it stands more clearly bodied forth alone. A similar condition is observed in the cultivation of plants. By developing one quality greatly, they become barren, and the seed lose their life-germ, their race is ended. So, in elevating man's soul-life, we carry him beyond the transmission of his flesh-life. As the one fades out the other fades in.

Thus, from the tireless tread in the continued march of the everlasting change, through which our race is going, floats back the melancholy echo—"passing away."

Though the reader may call it poetical idealism, we must say everything points to the close of man's career in this lower life. The time will come when the merry voice of laughing childhood will break no more the dreamy silence of the woodland valley, nor

wake the echoes from the starlit hills; his song will greet not the rising morning nor will his prayer a sweet goodnight vouchsafe to closing day. But this same hand of change, that writes our destiny on the pages of creation, lifts, with gentle touch, the dark drapery that hangs about our earthly couch, and lets the broader sunlight of a higher life pour in, and sweeps us upward and upward on its sparkling, billowy bosom of ineffable and matchless beauty and purity till we see all life made perfect, gathered around the throne of God. Then we will learn that life always was, will always be, changing ever, ceasing never. Its sojourn here was but the dalliance of a straying spark adrift from the central fire to which it has returned.

—O—

#### IMMORTALITY.

There is no death, dear heart, breaking;  
That calm so sweet, serene, so deep  
Is but the body's last, best sleep,  
Before the soul's eternal waking.

Though all is hushed in death's black night,  
With hands, soft folded, now at rest,  
In sweet repose upon the breast,  
The soul has found the morning light.

—O—

#### IN CONCLUSION.

Through these pages I have tried to convince the reader that, if guided by intelligence, honesty, love and purity, marriage will ever be a success—without them, a failure.



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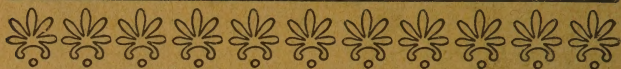
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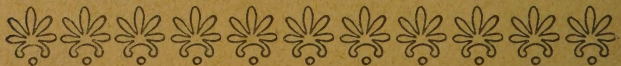
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